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AN AMERICAN LADY IN PARIS

1828-1829



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MRS. JOHN MAYO
(Abigail De Hart)
1761-1843

AN AMERICAN LADY IN PARIS

1828-1829

The Diary of Mrs. John Mayo

EDITED BY

MARY MAYO CRENSHAW

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS



BOSTON AND NEW YORK
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TO THE MEMORY
OF
HARRIET MAYO RICHARDS
WHO FAITHFULLY TRANSCRIBED
THE DELICATE PAGES OF THE ORIGINAL DIARY
THIS BOOK IS AFFECTIONATELY
DEDICATED

143095

NOTE

Grateful acknowledgment for making her great-grandmother's diary available for publication is made to Sara Lippincott Richards, its present owner.

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INTRODUCTION

IN 1828 a journey to Europe was no mere pleasure jaunt. It was a serious undertaking, negotiated in a sailing-ship at the mercy of wind and wave, with perchance a grim pirate or so in the offing. Such hazards safely passed, and with the castes and courtiers of Europe brilliant before his unaccustomed eyes, the traveller applied himself to writing all his experiences for the benefit of less adventurous souls at home. Hence this and other treasured old diaries.

Abigail De Hart, its writer, was born in Elizabethtown, New Jersey, in 1761. Her father, John De Hart, was a member of the Continental Congress.¹ In her girlhood days, doubtless when the Congress was in session, she cut some silhouettes of General Washington, which she gave to his wife. He refers to them in a letter to the Reverend William Gordon, dated from Mount Vernon on March 8, 1785.

When she married John Mayo,² of Virginia, she went to live at his beautiful seat, 'The Hermitage,' near Richmond, and there her three children were born, Maria, Edward Carrington, and Julia. There were then no female seminaries in Virginia

¹ See Appendix.

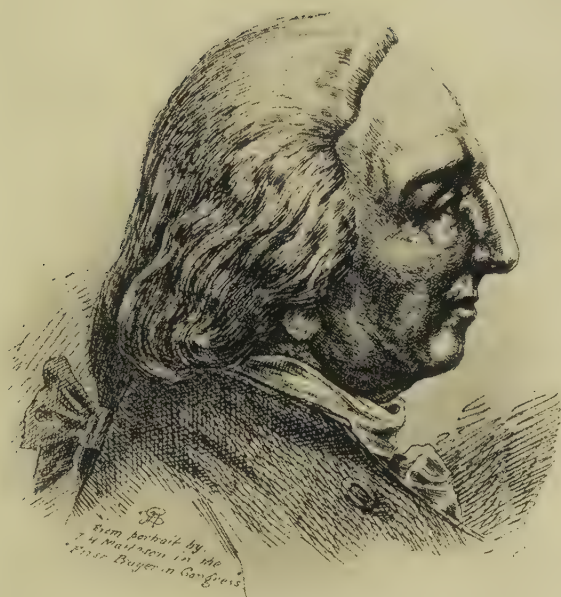
² See Appendix.

and it was necessary either to send a daughter away for an education or to employ governesses. Mrs. Mayo resolved to do neither. She established a school and placed at its head a cultivated English lady, Mrs. Broome, niece of Lord Nugent and cousin of Lord Byron — surely not chosen as the head mistress of a female seminary on the latter recommendation! The venture was most successful and gave an impetus to female education throughout the State.¹

Here Maria and Julia Mayo were pupils until their school-days were over, after which, as an old volume, 'Richmond in By-gone Days,' records, they made the Hermitage anything but a Hermitage. 'There [Maria Mayo] the reigning belle of the day, as well as other members of the family, attracted many visitors, and General Scott proved, by carrying her off against all competitors that "none but the brave deserve the fair."' "

Many tales are told of her loveliness and charm. She is reputed to have had a hundred offers of marriage, and numbered among her most ardent admirers John Howard Payne, author of 'Home, Sweet Home.' Winfield Scott, they say, courted her in every grade from second lieutenant up, but it was only in 1817, when he, a major-general, the hero of Lundy's Lane, with a gold medal voted him

¹ See Hale's *Woman's Record*, p. 882, under head of Abigail Mayo. Edward Carrington Mayo received his education at Yale, as have four of his descendants.



JOHN DE HART
1728-1795

by Congress, was given an ovation in Richmond, that she succumbed. Who shall say that the unattainable prize had not been an incentive in his path to glory!

It was not in Virginia alone that the Mayo family lived. Soon after his marriage, Colonel Mayo had bought 'Hampden Place' in Elizabeth, New Jersey, and thenceforward they spent their summers there, arriving each year with coach and six, outriders and postilions. There the Colonel, 'a true exponent of the elegant aristocracy of Richmond,' kept open house for the neighborhood. The mansion is still standing and is usually called 'Scott House,' as the General and Maria made it their home in later years.

Julia Mayo, the second daughter, married her cousin, Dr. Robert H. Cabell, of Richmond, born 1799. After attending William and Mary College he had studied medicine at the University of Pennsylvania, graduating in 1821, and now, wishing to perfect himself in his profession, he accompanied the party whose adventures the diary relates. On arriving in France he from time to time took his wife off on trips to the most famous medical centres of the day, of which he made a careful study. In 1852 Julia Mayo Cabell brought out a book entitled 'An Odd Volume of Facts and Fictions. In Prose and Verse,' and donated the proceeds to a philanthropic cause. Poems, stories, and music from her pen appeared from time to time in

'Godey's Lady's Book,' 'The Southern Literary Messenger,' etc. She was an ardent worker in the successful effort to save Mount Vernon.

During the Revolution two of Dr. Cabell's family — his grandfather, Major William Cabell, and his great-uncle, Colonel Nicholas Cabell — had served under Lafayette at Yorktown. When the Marquis visited Richmond in 1824 the family had given a reception in his honor. A daughter of Dr. Cabell's treasured letters to her father from him. Maria's husband, General Scott, was also a friend of his and had visited him at La Grange in 1815. The friendship with the family ripened rapidly in Paris, where Lafayette always showed cordial courtesies to visiting Americans.

The journey was an absorbing experience, but by the late summer of 1829 the party was ready to return, treasuring happy memories of a delightful sojourn, and little suspecting the grave changes which were almost immediately to come about. Just a year later Charles X was to flee with his family, exiled for the rest of his days. Lafayette, ever ardent in the cause of liberty, was again to leave his quiet home and become Commander-in-Chief of the National Guard. Still seeking his ideal leader who would, as a Constitutional King, rule the country under Republican principles, he was to place the tricolor in the hands of Louis of Orléans, and, yet again undeceived but unquenchably hopeful, he was to continue to stand fast for his high

principles, then regarded by so many as chimerical. Could he but have seen the England of to-day, where under a Constitutional King are carried out the ideas he cherished! Or, better still, his beloved France, where the Republic he hardly dared hope for is in successful operation!

The placid diary foresees nothing of this. To our little band of visitors, Paris, the Queen City, only winned and dined, laughed and made love, in its customary insouciant manner— so it did of old, so it does to-day, so it will do throughout its history.

As another thread in the fabric that binds America to France, as another glimpse of the colorful pageant that was France under the Kings, as a memorial to a woman whose life was lived during the early days of this nation, the diary of Abigail De Hart Mayo is here preserved in the hope that not her relatives alone but others also may come to cherish it.

MARY MAYO CRENSHAW

AN AMERICAN LADY IN PARIS

I

THE JOURNEY

JULY 1, 1828. Left New York in the new ship *Charlemagne*, Captain Robinson, Commander,¹ Maria and Julia with the little girls, Dr. Cabell, and myself, the party to sail for France. General Scott and my son went with us in a steamboat to join the packet which was waiting for the passengers at the Quarantine ground, having fallen down to that place the evening before. The General staid all night on board and left us in the pilot boat next morning. Edward returned with his Aunt P. and H. P. to New York in the steamboat. I shall never forget the polite attention of Mr. C., who sent me, by a passenger who had been left on shore and came to the ship in a small boat, a black silk *robe-de-chambre*, which had been unluckily forgotten, and which was my convenient dress on the passage. He must

¹ The *Charlemagne* was one of the 'packet ships' which were the pride of the port of New York in their time. She was considered a large ship, being 460 tons register, and was a fast sailer as was proved by this, her maiden voyage, since she reached Havre in twenty-two days. (H. M. R.)

have taken some pains to have gotten it in time. I was not so fortunate in recovering a box of sea stores which we missed extremely during the voyage, as the Captain had not provided for the ladies many of the articles to please the palate. Whether the box had been left at my sister's or lost by the cartman on the way to the dock, I cannot say, but whenever we felt the want of it I determined the next voyage I made my baggage should be sent to the vessel in better time to prevent both confusion and loss.

And here I must observe that it is never advisable to choose a *new* ship to sail in. There are many disadvantages attending it; the Captain cannot know her trim, as the sea phrase has it, and there will be always many things to be done, which in a vessel that has made the trip before are not required. We were much annoyed by the tar and turpentine which had not been sufficiently absorbed by the planks on the deck, and one morning the passengers were aroused from their slumbers at the break of day by the most intolerable *nerve-rending* noise I ever heard, which was occasioned by the scraping, directly overhead, of half a dozen men with sharp instruments to clear away the dried pitch. It was the most distressing and continued crash that can be imagined, and was repeated for some days in spite of prayers and remonstrances to the Captain.

We were favored with a smooth sea and gentle gales on the Atlantic, and on the eighteenth day were in sight of the lighthouse on the Scilly Islands, but after entering the Channel, we met with contrary winds and were sadly tossed, and indeed at one time so nearly on the beam ends of the Charlemagne that there was no small alarm among those who knew much of the matter. We had more cause for it the next morning on the coast off Barfleur. We went so near the land that we touched the ground and had two or three such thumps upon it as made the passengers spring out of their berths in a hurry, and the people on shore, observing our course, suspecting what might happen, sent off two boats to take us out of the ship. Fortunately, the wind blew favourably for us, and we escaped the danger, which was imminent. The blame was thrown on the mate, who told the Captain, with tears in his eyes, that he was treated like a child. It really seemed as if neither of them was aware of the shoals and banks with which that dangerous coast abounds. We were in six fathoms of water, and the pilot, who came on board in the course of the day, said there was a heavy penalty if he carried a vessel out of fourteen fathoms. The channel is so narrow in entering Havre that but one ship can go in at a time. The packet, Henry the Fourth, which sailed on the same day that we did, entered just before us, which must have

been mortifying to Captain R., who had exulted at passing her the day after we left the Hook. Captain F., who commanded her, had given the greatest satisfaction to his passengers and provided every delicacy for the ladies and treated all with the greatest kindness. We heard that he was afterwards very ill at Havre, but have understood that he was able to return to New York on the fifteenth of August.

Our passengers were chiefly French gentlemen, and the females, besides ourselves, were but three — a Spanish woman named Sarrazin, Miss L., a niece of Dr. E., who accompanied her aunt, Mrs. R., the wife of Baron R., minister of the Hanseatic Republic, who was on his return to Europe. We found him a polished and agreeable man, but did not think *Madame* very much so; she took such pains to support her new dignity that she always appeared to be studying the means to do it, which prevented her from being very companionable. I've omitted to mention Mrs. P., a pretty little English woman, married to an American who had carried her to visit his parents at Catskill and was now going back to Paris where he is in business.

At Havre we remained from the twenty-second to the twenty-fifth, when we embarked on the steamboat for Rouen, having visited all the remarkable places at Havre. The tower of Francis I is a most curious old building and of impreg-

nable strength. It seems as if it might still last for ages. The King, Francis I, was entertained there by the inhabitants, and the dinner is recorded to have cost thirty livres! — a sum which shows, not only the simplicity of living, but the value of money in those days. We took a coach and drove to the lighthouses which are situated a few miles back of the town, upon a beautiful eminence.

The ride is most curious, through such narrow passages that you can reach with your hands the banks on each side, and pull the grass and wild flowers growing out of them. I never saw such numbers of coquelicots or wild poppies in my life before.

The rule is, if you meet another carriage, as two carriages cannot pass, the one ascending must back down the hill to some part of the road which is wide enough to let the other party get by. We luckily met with no such difficulty. The prospect from the lantern was very fine and the grounds on the top of the hill in most admirable cultivation, no interruption by fences, as they are unnecessary, no animals being permitted to run at large in any part of France. The land is divided by *lines* only and has the appearance of a garden laid off in beds.

But the most delightful view was from the hill close upon the Boulevard. It is all cultivated in vines and flowers, the first running over summer houses with lovely terraces, to a row of elegant

houses, which in summer must be agreeable residences, but in winter are too bleak for comfort. As it rains every day in Havre, the verdure is beautiful. The foliage of the trees is very close and their tops joining afford walks impervious to the sun and a shelter from the rain when it is not violent, which makes the promenade at the back of the town quite charming.

I was so struck with the odd appearance of the inhabitants of the place that I could never be satisfied with gazing at them. Their dress was probably fashioned after that worn by their ancestors for hundreds of years, the women without hat or bonnet and in caps of most grotesque and various shapes, the men with caps of all descriptions, but none with hats. The little Norman horses, all neck and head, the numerous asses so very small that it was astonishing to see them carry such large panniers, and generally an old woman upon the top of them; altogether it seemed as if we were not only in another hemisphere, but in another world, or at least carried back to the days of William the Conqueror, the town agreeing in appearance with all the rest. It is, I am told, in a flourishing state since it has become the port where the packets and trading vessels find it most convenient to resort; these, with the steamboats established on the Seine, rendering the communication with Paris so easy in comparison with any other seaport in France,

must continue to make Havre increase in consequence. The Seine is a fine, wide river at its mouth, but is full of shoals and as winding as the Mississippi. It is a hundred and sixty leagues in length, receives the waters of twenty-six rivers and washes the shore of thirty towns. It is navigable for boats only from its source to about twenty miles from the sea and then for small vessels only, such as the Albany sloops. It is full of sand beds which shift continually, and a *barre*, as they call it, where the tide from below meets the current of the river and renders it dangerous navigation even for them.

Our passage to Rouen was extremely amusing, although we had a crowded boat, such numbers of English flocking to Paris, and were obliged four or five times to shelter ourselves in the cabin from the rain. The banks of the Seine are romantic and beautiful! In some parts they are low and covered with verdure, in others hilly and rocky. They brought to mind the charming variety of the Hudson.

Remains of ancient towns, monasteries, and castles are numerous, but the pleasing views are those of small villages or hamlets close upon the borders of the river. The houses are all thatched, with neat little yards before them, are neatly joined together and generally painted red, brown, or grey, and are upon so small a scale as to give them the appearance of toy towns. We saw few

people about them, which we imputed to their being engaged either in the fields, out of sight, or in some handicraft business indoors, as in this part of France they are reputed to be very industrious.

The fine château of La Maillerie is yet in good order and calculated to give a just idea of the old French taste in gardening. Such immensely long straight avenues where the trees form arches which protect from every ray of sun, and, I should suppose, from every drop of rain; *walls* of thick and close-cut hedges, with openings regularly cut through them by way of doors; the grass so verdant and well kept, and many forest trees cut in curious shapes, quite in ancient style. Upon one side of the lawn a marble column is erected to show the spot where the Duchesse de Berri breakfasted a few years since. It is said that the celebrated Mademoiselle de la Vallière lived at La Maillerie in her early days.

The most remarkable and considerable town we passed is Caudebec, close on the banks of the river: it is of great antiquity and strange appearance. Near the village of Lillebonne, which is situated on the ruins of the city of that name, there is yet to be seen the relics of a castle where William the Conqueror had a manor which he called his ducal palace, and there signed charters, etc. It has since been the property of the family of Harcourt.

As we moved along we were shown doors cut into the hillsides which opened out into immense caverns where the dealers in wine store that precious commodity to preserve it from changes in the weather.

We arrived at Rouen on Friday, the twenty-fifth of July, and took lodgings at the Hôtel de Bourgogne, where Dr. Cabell had found comfortable accommodations when on his way to Havre in January. This city bears all the marks of great antiquity. It was there the Dukes of Normandy held their courts and resided until William conquered England. Formerly it was strongly fortified by walls and towers and moats, which are now filled up. It is within forty years that the walls and towers have been pulled down, and many of the most ancient monuments destroyed, which, it is said, has much changed the appearance of the place, yet even at present it is wonderful and full of curious and interesting relics of past ages. Among the first is the Cathedral, which was erected in the year 260 and has been augmented at different times, in 623 by Saint Romain, and 989 by Robert, an Archbishop who was the son of Richard, first Duke of Normandy. The large bell, which was cast by Jean Masson (who was so pleased at his success that it is believed that he died of joy immediately afterwards), is the second in size in the world. It was hung in 1501 and required ten men to ring it!

It was broken in 1786, but not destroyed until the French Revolution. The great bell of Moscow was larger than this, but was never hung and remains on the ground, and must have been a work of curiosity.

I cannot say enough of this wonderful cathedral, which filled me with surprise and awe. Its size is enormous, and the fine monuments it contains of the 'Mighty Dead' are worth a voyage across the Atlantic to behold. Those of the Cardinals d'Amboise, uncle and nephew, are among the most superb; but what was of greater interest was the tomb of Rollo (Raoul, they call it here), the ancestor of William the Conqueror, and also that of Guillaume 'Longue-Épée' (Longsword), his son, second Duke of Normandy, killed in 942 at Penguigny.

Near the great altar is the tomb of Richard Cœur de Lion, King of England, and adjoining it is that of his brother, Henry, the son of King Henry II. The inscription over the place where a Duke of Bedford, Governor of Normandy under the King of England, lies buried, is yet plain to be seen. He died at the château of Rouen in 1435. Thus we were treading over the ashes of Heroes and Monarchs! What room for reflection!

We were shown the spot where the heart of Richard Cœur de Lion was deposited, but, like a vast number of other curiosities and pieces of

antique sculpture, it was torn up and demolished by the Revolutionists. The remains of the fine painted glass in the windows are admirable, though not to be compared to those in the Church of Saint Ouen for beauty. Before I quit this subject, I must not omit to mention the representation in bas-relief, on one of the doors of the entrance, of Herod at table with his guests; Salome, his niece, to entertain them, has quitted the table and is dancing on her hands with her feet in the air, after the manner of our modern mountebanks!!!

We entered several other churches. In Saint Ouen's there was a most singular Gothic clock which was destroyed about twenty years since. At the moment when the hour was to be struck a small statue of Saint Michael in bronze appeared and gave the strokes upon the back of Satan, the rebel angel. Among the most remarkable of the smaller places of worship is a very old one called Saint Paul's, which is one of the most ancient in the city and constructed on the ruins of the temple of Adonis, built by the Romans when they were masters of Gaul. Antiquarians can discover the evidences of Roman construction in many portions of the interior, as well as the exterior, of the building.

We were busily employed the four days we were in Rouen examining its celebrated monuments of the olden time, but could not see enough

of them to satisfy our wishes. The bridge over the Seine I had often heard spoken of. It is on boats and paved with *stone*. Being liable to be carried away by freshets they have arranged it in sections, so as to enable them to remove it in time of danger. They are now constructing another, upon arches of stone, close by it, which they think will resist the violence of the floods. This is almost finished, and they are erecting a statue of Henry IV on the middle of it, in imitation of that on the Pont Neuf at Paris.

We crossed the bridge of boats as we drove out to see the environs of the town and could just perceive by close attention where the different parts were joined together.

When we visited the Hall of Justice, the ancient seat of the Parliament of Normandy, built by Louis XII, and finished in 1499, we met with a strong proof of what we had been told of the French preference to the Americans over the English. We were rather late in getting to the Hall and the Court had adjourned, and we met the Judges, jurymen, etc., coming out as we entered. A respectable-looking old gentleman, who seemed to be the director, gave us a glance which was rather forbidding and at the same moment told the person who was about to shut the doors to go on. I felt sure that he mistook us for English people so immediately observed to him that 'we had come a long distance to gratify

curiosity, across the Atlantic from New York.' He brightened up in an instant, and said, '*Comment, mesdames sont Américaines? Ouvrez les portes. Venez par ici, mesdames,*' and he led us all through the place, showing us the different apartments in the several stories, the Library and Council Chamber, etc., etc. One of the Councilors was there and he introduced us to him as American ladies. He regarded us with much attention and enquired of me if *mesdames* had come over the sea in a steamboat and appeared surprised to learn that steamboats did not cross the Atlantic. It is wonderful how little information beyond their immediate line of business people generally possess in this quarter of the globe.

This ancient building has been recently repaired and is handsomely fitted up, though not yet well furnished. It is very extensive and has a fine garden, but not equal to that of the Museum, or Gallery of Paintings, where there is also a fine library.

II

FIRST DAYS IN PARIS

WE arrived in Paris on the evening of the thirty-first of July, just a month from the day of our embarkation at New York. Mr. Pringle had, as he promised, engaged lodgings for us at the Hôtel Mont Blanc in the Rue de la Paix. Here we were very agreeably accommodated, but preferred taking other apartments for the winter, as the hostess had the reputation of having killed her husband, for which she had been at the *bar* and was only acquitted for want of legal evidence; every one believed her guilty. Mrs. Scott was so alarmed at this account of Madame Douville that she could not sleep the first night, and, as the door of my chamber was not secured, the lock being out of order, she took it into her head that the lady might come in and rifle our trunks and adopt measures to prevent my giving any information against her. For my part, no such thoughts disturbed my slumbers, which, after a ride of fifty miles, were very profound. In the morning I could hardly believe that I was in Paris! And yet I wondered at my not being still more astonished to find myself in that celebrated city, the Queen of the World!

The approach to it is beautiful by the *Barrière*

at which we entered, through the Bois de Boulogne. I thought of the late Emperor Napoleon as we rode through it, and of his gallant entry from Elba, throwing himself, as it were, into the arms of his soldiers.

After remaining a few days, we took an apartment at the Hôtel de Rastadt, consisting of three bedrooms, a large *salle à manger* or dining-room, a large *salon* or parlour, and an ante-chamber, with two rooms for our women on the third story. Our rooms were *au premier*, as they call it, which designates the first floor up one flight of stairs, below which are the porter's lodge and places for stores, wood, coal, etc. Here, as we liked the situation and the mistress was highly recommended to us, we engaged to stay six months at four hundred francs a month for the furnished apartment. This hôtel stands in the Rue Saint Auguste, and is one of the best in Paris. It is only a few doors from the Rue de la Paix, near the gay walk upon the Boulevard Italien, and not far from the charming Garden of the Tuileries, the resort of all the fashionables of the city. Those who live out of walking distance of it go there in carriages and promenade through the gravel walks, inhaling the odors of the vast variety of shrubs and flowers and, when fatigued, rest on marble seats placed under the shade of fine groves of lime and horsechestnuts and other trees which are very numerous. The

garden is more beautiful than that of the Luxembourg, but not so extensive.

To return from this digression: when we had been about six weeks in our lodgings, we were notified that after the month of September we must pay an additional hundred francs per month for our rooms, which demand, after the express agreement we had made, we thought so abominably dishonest that we concluded to seek others and were engaged for at least ten days in looking at twenty or thirty suites, but could find none to compare with those we had, excepting such as were nearly double the price, so we even concluded to put up with the dishonorable conduct of our landlady and not inconvenience ourselves to cause her a trifling vexation, trifling it would probably have been, as the rooms being so pleasantly situated and spacious, with the sun shining upon them most desirably for warmth in the winter season, would soon have been taken on her own terms by other persons.

We were well arranged, too, as to domestics. The *portier* and his wife, for whose services we paid thirty francs a month, engaged to keep the apartments in order, *he* to sweep and rub the floors and kindle the fires, and *she* to attend the chambers, provide water, clean the candlesticks, etc., one or the other to be always in the porter's lodge, to answer the door, to arrange the night lamps there and on the stairway, and to take care of the

house, fastening it up at night and opening and shutting the gate or *porte-cochère*. Another servant, to whom we paid fifteen francs per month, set the table for meals, prepared the breakfast and served the dinner, which was daily supplied from a restaurateur's, and washed the china, etc., leaving our waiting women nothing to do with the household concerns. A third manservant was always at our orders at four francs per day when we chose to call upon him. He was what is called a *valet de place*, and was a fine-looking fellow exceedingly well dressed, who knew the city well, and how to wait upon ladies when visiting, which is quite a different thing in Paris from what it is with us.

For instance, after enquiring if *Madame receives* and being answered in the affirmative, he leads the way upstairs, through the antechamber, and frequently other rooms, through the midst of servants, ladies' maids, seamstresses, etc., until you arrive at the parlour of reception or the lady's chamber, if she is sitting there, when he repeats your name to the servant in waiting, who opens the door and announces you. The lady rises and comes half across the room to receive you, but there is no introducing to any one; *that* is totally unfashionable. When you leave the company you retire without ceremony, your servant waiting to attend you to your carriage. No gentleman is expected to hand you to it; in-

deed, it is thought an impropriety for one to do so, unless he came with you.

Married ladies are very independent in France and can go anywhere without an escort, to balls, parties, or the theatre, and nothing is thought of it, nor are they liable to rudeness or insult. So many gendarmes are always on hand to keep order that a well-behaved woman is sure of a protector at every turn. I have happened twice to see the sentinel at the gate of the Tuileries seize a dirty-looking fellow by the collar and thrust him back when he was attempting to push by ladies who were passing through. In fact, as I've often said, Paris is the place for strangers, for elderly people, and for ladies.

During the first three weeks after we arrived in France it rained every day with the exception of only four. I don't mean the whole time, but that there were showers and heavy mists or slight rains and cloudy weather intermingled with gleams of sunshine. We thought it very fortunate that we had a fine day on the twenty-fifth, which was the fête of Saint Louis, and the time we had fixed for visiting Versailles, four leagues from Paris.

On that day the palace is thrown open and all the water-works are set to playing, which being a very expensive thing is done only three or four times a year upon particular occasions, and brings an immense concourse of people together, as the fountains are upon a grand scale and well



DR. ROBERT HENRY CABELL
1799-1876

worth going twelve miles to see. Mrs. Scott, Mrs. Cabell, Dr. Cabell, and myself just filled the pleasant *remise* which I had engaged our hostess to furnish whenever I required it, being advised by a friend, who had made enquiry, that it was the least expensive and least troublesome mode of keeping a carriage.

We had a delightful drive, and after going through the magnificent palace, viewing with wonder the grandeur and beauty of the painted ceilings, highly ornamented walls literally covered with gold, the numerous statues and pictures which to describe would be an endless task, we went through the park to visit the Trianon, another palace built by Louis XIV on a spot where a village of that name formerly stood. It is 884 feet in length and highly ornamented with pilasters and columns of red marble, but does not compare with the magnificence of the Palace of Versailles. Every kind of shrub and flower blooms there. It used to be said of the three principal gardens planted by Louis XIV, 'Versailles is the garden of *Waters*, Marly the garden of *Trees*, and Trianon the garden of *Flowers*.'

From this we went to the Petit Trianon, which is situated in a corner of the Park of the great Trianon, and is a pavilion in the Roman style, forming a complete square; each front measures eighty feet in length, and each exhibits a different specimen of architecture, the whole being deco-

rated with the Corinthian order and crowned with a fine balustrade, the columns and pilasters fluted from top to bottom. It is altogether constructed in the most finished taste. The gardens and pleasure-grounds are diversified with statues, orangeries, a musical salon, grottoes, temples, cottages, cascades, artificial rocks, and shady walks. This was the favorite retreat of the unfortunate Marie Antoinette, where she amused herself as a dairy maid and had a nice *lacterie* or milk house, which still remains. This spot pleased me more than any of the splendid places we had seen. Here, in 1814, the Empress, Marie Louise, had her first interview with her father after Bonaparte had abdicated.

About four o'clock we quitted this enchanting residence and returned to the hôtel where we were to dine. Here was a rare scene of confusion! Such hundreds of hungry folk crowding into the eating-rooms, filling numbers of tables, and calling out, some for bread, some for wine, others for their bills, etc., while the waiters were pressing through the crowd, trying if possible to oblige every one. It really was a curious spectacle. By exercising patience our party at length got seated at a table, and we satisfied our hunger. We then went to the gardens to be entertained with the most noble *jets d'eaux* which France, or perhaps the world, affords.

My pen cannot do justice to the wonderful dis-

play. I was particularly struck with the fountain which is called the 'Bath of Latona.' A group, comprised of Latona and her two children, is in the centre, and seventy-four enormous frogs, representing the peasants of Lybia, who were changed into those animals by Jupiter at the prayer of Latona, are sporting and covering them with water. The 'Basin of Neptune' represents the triumphing of that Sea-God and is astonishing! The grand *jet d'eau* of the 'Dragon' is elegant! — water, walk, and pyramid are truly superb. One can never tire, I should think, of walking in this garden. There were said to be thirty thousand persons there, but the garden is so extensive that there was nothing like a *crowd*, excepting for a short time when everybody gathered round to see the *great* fountains play, and each passed on to get near them.

On our return I was fearful, from the vast number of carriages hurrying back to Paris, that accidents would occur, and particularly when at least three hundred of all sorts — coaches, carts, calèches, cabriolets, and fiacres — were all jumbled up together upon a long causeway, but no such thing happened. The mounted gendarmes were there, ready for the occasion, it being their duty to attend whenever there is a crowd, or likely to be one. They give their orders and obedience is implicit. No one disputes with the point of the bayonet!

The drivers were directed, now to stop, now to move step by step, now to go on two abreast, then to pass in rows of three, and, finally, after getting safely over the bridge, we were allowed to pursue our course at our own discretion. It is wonderful that in such a crowd of vehicles, with axle touching axle, and wheels locking wheels, no mischief was done, no noise or halloing, but all listening for the word of command, which was given with the utmost prudence and decision. I think we were detained about an hour in this entanglement. We reached home safely by ten o'clock.

Our next excursion was to Montmorency, which is about thirteen miles from Paris, situated on an eminence which affords it a salubrious air and a very extensive prospect. The *point de vue* of the valley of Montmorency is thought to be one of the most picturesque in France. Little remains of the magnificence of the Dukes of Montmorency and that is found in the Gothic church which contains some curious specimens of painted glass.

There is a château there called the Luxembourg built by Le Brun in the time of Louis XIV, remarkable for its fine plantations and charming view of the surrounding country. But that which makes the village most interesting to strangers is its contiguity to the Hermitage, the residence of J. J. Rousseau, where he composed his 'Hé-

loïse.' It was afterwards inhabited by the admired composer, Grétry, who died here in 1813. The house is not remarkable for elegance or neatness, but the garden is pretty and romantically laid out in shady walks. It has a rivulet running through it, forming a tiny lake near which we were shown a bay tree under whose branches Rousseau sat upon a rock and composed his 'Emile' and other works which have given him celebrity. I begged for a few leaves of the *sheltering* tree, which were given (or rather *sold*) as a great favour. Indeed, if every visitor were gratified by the same indulgence, there would be nothing left of it in a year or two. In the corner of the garden is seen Rousseau's bust, enclosed in a glass case, to preserve it from inscriptions with which it was pretty much defaced by travellers.

In the house we were shown the bedstead in which he slept and the miserable little piano on which he [Grétry?] tried his musical compositions. There may be seen also the cup and saucer (white and gold) which Grétry used to his last day, the comb and kerchief for his head, and the *original* of the inscription which he wrote for the tomb of his friend and master, Rousseau.

When we were tired of walking through these grounds, we drove to the hôtel, where we dined. After dinner the ladies of the party prepared themselves for a ride to the forest upon donkeys,

which are kept ready for persons who wish to divert themselves with so novel an amusement. The little animals seem to enter into the spirit of it and trot along under their large saddles with *backs* to support the riders, as if they were not displeased with their burdens, though they are really worn down by the continual use made of them. I amused myself with a book while the young folks rode through the forest of Enghien, Montmorency, and visited the *château de chasse* of the present Prince of Condé, the father of the murdered Duke d'Enghien.¹ One of the women of the castle told Maria, with tears in her eyes, that the shocking event, which occurred when she was only four years of age, was still fresh in her memory, probably from hearing it so often talked over. She said that from the time of its occurrence the Prince had avoided society and given himself up to melancholy. His residence is at Chantilly. He keeps two stud of horses, two hundred in each, and thus gives employment to twelve hundred persons who at his death will be quite destitute, as those stables will then be broken up, Monsieur Condé having no lineal descendants. He has adopted the son of some

¹ Louis-Antoine Henri de Bourbon-Condé, duc d'Enghien, born at Chantilly, 1772, after a mock trial without defence or witnesses, on accusation of being implicated in a plot, was, by Napoleon's orders, shot at Vincennes, in 1804.

nobleman, but it is probable that his estates must be divided among distant branches of his family.

In the evening we had a most agreeable ride to Paris by moonlight. It would have been more in order to have mentioned our visit to the Cathedral of Saint Denis, which we made on our way to Montmorency.

The city of Saint Denis is called after its famous *église* which is built upon the site of a chapel wherein the remains of the martyred Saint Denis and his companions were deposited by a noble Christian named Catulla. She purchased them from the executioners and built over them a chapel afterwards so enriched by numerous kings, Clothaire, Chilperic, Dagobert, and others, until it arrived at its present greatness. This once beautiful edifice was, during the Revolution, reduced almost to a heap of ruins, the altars being torn down, the roof destroyed, the royal dead taken from their graves, their bones made the playthings of children, and the dust of monarchs scattered to the winds! It is now, however, nearly repaired, and the vaults cleared and improved, and they have again become the sepulchres of the Kings of France. We descended into the vaults and were impressed with awe while passing through the numerous chapels filled with the monuments of the different dynasties that for ages past have reigned over the kingdom.

Many of the ancient pieces of sculpture were

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LIBRARY
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carried off and concealed from the destroyers, and every month restores some of the interesting cenotaphs consecrated to the memory of the mighty men of the earth. The Cathedral is immensely large and bears the marks of the most remote antiquity in its curious sculptures, in bas-reliefs, etc. Among them are representations of the Saint himself. Bonaparte, who began the repairs of this building, had provided a situation in the vaults for a burial spot for himself and his descendants, but it is now occupied by the remains of the unfortunate Louis XVI and his Queen, Marie Antoinette, which were transferred to Saint Denis in 1816.

There also the Duke de Berri, the Prince de Condé, and Louis XVIII were interred. The *representation* of the coffin of the latter, covered with a black velvet pall, highly ornamented, stands now before the grand altar, only to be removed when the present monarch, Charles X, dies, when *his* will have its place until another king follows him to the tomb.

There is another large edifice near this, the Abbaye, which was formerly the residence of the monks attached to it, about thirty in number. In the Revolution it was used as a hospital, but Bonaparte had it fitted up and established as a seminary for the education of daughters of such of the Legion of Honour as were unable to bear the expense of it. It is still used for the purpose,

under the particular direction of the Duchesse d'Angoulême, who is extremely attentive to the management of it. It is upon an extensive scale, the numbers of *élèves* being five hundred, and the Superior is always of the nobility. Those pupils whose parents are wealthy pay a moderate sum; the others are instructed gratuitously. They are received at twelve years of age and remain until they are eighteen, when they are made governesses or companions among the nobility and gentry, and give place to others in the institution. It is a particular favour to be admitted to see it. Tickets were procured for us by our friend, Dr. Martin, who having had it in his power to show some kindness to the son of the present Lady Directress, the Countess of Bourgogne, she was happy to accord him some return.

We went through the whole establishment and were shown everything with the most gratifying attention. Nothing is wanting to make it complete. When the whole five hundred pupils passed in to dinner, two by two, before us (each dropping a curtsy to the strangers), it was truly interesting! They were all dressed in black with scarlet sashes crossed over the back, quite plain but very neat. They sat down to different tables in classes with their governesses. Upon the whole, I never saw anything of the kind so organized and perfect in all its parts! The various halls for instruction in writing, painting,

drawing, music, and fine needle-work, the immense dormitories, baths, chambers for the sick, medicine rooms, and arrangements for the nurses, whom we saw preparing food for the few who were unwell, all so clean! We were even carried through the kitchen where a dozen cooks were taking up dinner. Nothing could be nicer. All of us came away delighted with what we had seen.

While the fair weather lasted we availed ourselves of it to visit Saint Germain-en-Laye, about four leagues from Paris. It is of the greatest antiquity. The Forest of Laye is the largest in the kingdom, and has been carefully preserved for the kings to hunt in. The old palace was kept to receive them when they went there to enjoy the chase. The new palace was built for Henry IV, but is now converted into barracks. It was for many years the residence of James II, after he abdicated the English Crown. He ended his days here in 1700.

We rode up to this palace, intending to walk through it, previous to riding along the terrace and viewing the forest, but the porter told us that it was impossible to admit strangers that day, as there was a ball and concert there, given by the officers of the King's Guard to a young lady, the daughter of the Colonel Commandant, it being her birthday. While we were parleying, some of the officers, who appeared by their military ap-

pendages to be of high rank (they are all sons of noblemen), having observed us when we alighted and concluding by our style of travelling that we were gentlefolk, came up and invited us to their fête, where they assured us we should find an elegant company and a number of English ladies, the daughters of Mr. Olmstead, the Misses Barclay, and the Misses Kemble. As we happened to know the families of these ladies, we accepted their politeness and were handed up with hats off and the greatest ceremony. I dare say they took us for English nobility — with whom France abounds at this time. They were dancing double cotillions and Maria, Julia, and Mrs. Manigault were much pressed to join them and were introduced to gentlemen for this purpose, but we had not time, as we had ordered dinner at an early hour, and wished to go to see the forest where the King was then hunting with his attendants.

We walked around the balcony and were shown the apartments of King James, which are now in a very dilapidated state. Indeed, the whole château seems to be going to ruin. It is finely situated and the prospect from it is extremely beautiful. Having taken a cursory view of the grounds, I seated myself under the shade of fine trees with which they abound, while the younger part of the company took a ride upon the terrace on donkeys which had been provided,

while Dr. Cabell went to direct our carriage to come round for us, none being permitted to drive through the park. I got in with some of the [word illegible] and drove to the end of this beautiful promenade, a mile in length. The hill-side descending from it is covered with vines, gardens, and most charming verdures, and slopes to the Seine, while the hunting ground back of it affords a most perfect contrast and on a hot summer's day seems even more agreeable.

On our return to Paris we took a different route from that by which we went, and in passing through a small town called Nanterre, we stopped to taste some of those famous little cakes, but we could not join in the opinion of their excellence. They are pretty much like our buns, but without any sugar in them. This place is also celebrated for giving birth to Sainte Geneviève, the patron saint of Paris.

When we began this excursion we chose an early hour, as we wished to stop on the way at Malmaison where the Empress Josephine died in 1816, but not having obtained tickets we could not obtain admission and were obliged to postpone our visit to that lovely residence. We were not disappointed, however, in passing through a village near by, called Pucelle, in seeing the monument erected to her memory by her son, Eugène Beauharnais, which is very simple and very beautiful, and another in the same church

which *she* had erected in honour of her uncle, the Count de la Tâcherie. She is represented kneeling before it, a crown upon her head. When satisfied with examining these fine pieces of sculpture, we concluded to drive up to the magnificent château and park which adjoins the village, and was once inhabited by Cardinal Richelieu and afterwards by Marshal Masséna. His widow still resides there and came out very politely to receive us, supposing us to be visitors to herself. We apologized for our intrusion and told her we had understood that she was in Paris, and had taken the liberty of visiting the place in her absence. We were well received and were told to walk through the delicious shades and gardens at our leisure, and were kindly shown the bust of the Marshal, and several of his children (quite small) were brought forward and presented to us. Since then we have seen the place where his portrait hung during his life, in the palace of the Tuileries among the other Marshals of France. As soon as they die their portraits are removed to the Hôtel des Invalides to make way for the marshal who succeeds, so that of Masséna had been sent to its destination. A few months after our being at his château, we heard of the death of his widow, who had been so civil to us.

Previous to Dr. Cabell setting out for Holland we rode out to see the celebrated manufactory of

porcelain at Sèvres. It is about six miles from Paris and just opposite the Park of Saint Cloud. We met with great civility; a few francs always ensures a welcome at these places so much visited by strangers. We were led through an extensive range of apartments filled with the most beautiful articles of china, which for brilliancy of colouring and delicacy of execution are unrivalled. The likenesses of persons of celebrity are perfect, the views of a number of remarkable places and scenes of interest copied from the best masters are as complete on the porcelain as in the paintings. The size of the vases and some other pieces astonish the beholder. There was a table in particular which was of the usual height and at least eight feet in circumference, covered with the greatest variety of designs, all executed with the greatest taste; I thought it a masterpiece of art — we had not half time to examine its beauties. These articles are used by the King himself or sent by him as presents to potentates or great personages, for the manufactory belongs to him and the expense of it is enormous. There are, however, some things for sale, but the price of them is exceedingly high, at which no one will wonder who sees the process of making a single article, the number of hands it must pass through, grinding the clay, working it into lumps of a shape to suit the purpose, moulding, drying, painting by the best artists, baking, polishing,

re-baking, then gilding and baking again and again, each piece having a form of clay to hold it, which never serves a second time, and all carried through the different furnaces of various degrees of heat, no less than seven or eight times, and then cooked with the greatest caution, as the smallest flaw condemns the article. We saw the whole process, and the care and attention required are incredible to those who have not witnessed it. Our conductor took us to a very large room where, in regular compartments, were placed specimens of the porcelain and earthenware of all nations, even the rude pottery of the Obaiheitans, showing also the improvement since the commencement of making china in France.

After spending some hours in the examination of these wonderful works, we crossed over to the village and Palace of Saint Cloud, which is beautifully situated on the banks of the Seine.¹ The King makes it his summer residence, but at this time had left it, and it was now open to strangers who could show passports. We gladly embraced the opportunity and were highly gratified. It is the handsomest of any we have seen as regards its situation, its apartments, and deco-

¹ The Palace of Saint Cloud was a favorite abode of Marie Antoinette and of Napoleon, who there proclaimed the Empire May 18, 1804. Charles X there signed, July 25, 1830, the Ordonnances which brought about his downfall. During the Franco-Prussian War, 1870, it was burned down by the Prussian artillerymen.

rations, the masterpieces of painting and sculpture it contains, and the magnificent furniture.

The gardens and the park and cascades are delightful; no wonder that it should be the sovereign's choice to spend the warm season here in preference to the Tuileries. The façade is 144 feet long and 72 feet in height. The cornice is surmounted by statues of Strength, Prudence, Wealth, and War. That of the right wing presents a statue of Cybele, and that of the left of Bellona. You first enter the Salon of Mars; it contains twenty columns of large size, each composed of a single piece of marble. The ceiling is superbly painted, and the walls covered with pieces done by the first masters. One does not know which to admire the most. The Gallery of Apollo comes next; here are two of the largest vases I have seen; they must be six or eight feet high, and are of china. The windows are adorned with fruits and flowers and here are the portraits of Louis XV and his Queen, and Louis XVI and his Queen, and here are eight imitations of bas-reliefs representing Apollo and the Sibyl, etc., etc.

Then comes the Salon of Diana with appropriate painting and some admirable specimens of Gobelin tapestry. Adjoining is the chapel, also adorned with some fine specimens of sculpture and painting and large enough to accommodate a hundred and fifty persons. The ceiling of the Salon of the Throne is extremely fine, the hang-

ings are of Lyons damask and cost fifteen thousand dollars. The salon of the Princes remains as it used to be in the time of Marie Antoinette, and is decorated with a fine clock, two vases, a bronze bust of the great Condé, and two chandeliers of porphyry.

The crimson salon or Hall of Council has hangings of crimson and purple velvet that cost twenty-two thousand dollars. There are four large bronze chandeliers, two splendid glass lusters and two vases. The apartments of the Duchesse d'Angoulême are in the right wing of the palace. She is the daughter of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette, and called the Dauphinesse. These rooms remain just as they were left by her royal mother; each room contains some reminder of that unfortunate queen and her husband. Portraits, busts, etc., something to recall them to the mind of their daughter, who is habitually serious, probably from melancholy reflections. She is not a favorite of the people on that account.

We revisited St. Cloud a short time after this, with a view to seeing the fête which is held there on the seventh of September. I took Bowling Haxall with me, and our own party went by steamboat in order to view the scenery on the margin of the river. The Seine winds beautifully along and we had a pleasant sail, though the crowd was great on board. Dr. Cabell, who had come in a carriage, met us. We arrived in a

couple of hours and, having ordered dinner at the best hotel, we walked to the little church which was created by the late queen Marie Antoinette near the spot where had stood a very ancient one, the materials of which were used to build up this, which is not yet quite finished. After looking about through the narrow streets of this antiquated place, once called Nogent, but since taking the name of St. Cloud from Cleodold, grandson of Clovis, who took refuge in this spot when his brothers were murdered and afterwards founded a monastery upon it, of which we saw no vestige, we returned to our hotel and dined, though we could hardly take time from gazing at the motley and amusing groups that were continually passing on before our windows to the observatory upon the heights near the palace and thence to the Grand Park whither we soon followed to see the water-works and all kinds of exhibitions going on. The scene was most extraordinary, puppet shows, caricature paintings, dancing dogs, donkeys, whirligigs with seats for people to ride round and round, balancers, tumblers, booths with all sorts of toys, cakes, and so on. There were not less than one hundred thousand persons, gentle and simple, crowded together without jostling or rudeness, all kept in the best order by plenty of gendarmes, mingling amongst them, when just as the water works began to play, down came the rain in torrents.

What destruction of fine dresses, fine bonnets, fine shoes! No carriage allowed to enter the park, though hundreds were waiting at the gate! So many well-dressed ladies, all dripping wet! For Maria and myself, we were glad to get shelter under some tents, which luckily were near us under the trees, and there we stood for a full hour, happy to escape from the drenching flood which was pouring on the multitude around us. Our cavaliers came off pretty well by the aid of umbrellas, though more exposed than we were. After the shower we returned to our steamboat, and arrived at home without further accident.

About this time we became acquainted with two Americans who had but lately come to Paris, Mr. Fessenden, a Virginian, and Mr. Farly, from the eastward, both young men of great promise. They accompanied us to the church of St. Sulpice, where we went to hear the music, which is celebrated as the best sacred music in this city; we were not disappointed. The church itself is not remarkable, but pretty much like most of the others. I had been previously with Dr. Cabell to that of St. Roche, which is among those remarkable for size, fine paintings and sculpture. It was much injured during the revolution. The steps and pillars of the portal bear still the mark of numerous musket as well as cannon balls, which were directed against the citizens on the dreadful thirteenth.

One thing in all the churches here looks very displeasing to our eyes. They are not divided into pews or seats, but rows of chairs stand irregularly on each side of the aisle. These are made of oak with straw bottoms, and being coarsely put together with pieces across the backs, resemble those used in the quarters of the blacks in Virginia. They are neither planed nor painted, and you are charged two sous for sitting in them, sometimes more. I recollect at Notre Dame I paid nine sous for the use of one.

There were formerly two hundred churches in Paris, but the number is greatly reduced. There are four Protestant churches and as many synagogues. I have as yet attended service at only one, the ancient church of the Oratoire, which is homely enough and much out of repair, with an indifferent preacher. The Assumption is an elegant edifice with a massive dome; the portal consists of eight Corinthian columns and is very neat.

III

A WEDDING

WE were invited by General La Fayette¹ and also by Monsieur de Rémusat, to attend the nuptials of the latter gentleman with Mademoiselle de Lasteyrie, granddaughter of the former. They were celebrated at this church, their respective families being present with some other friends. The ceremony of a marriage in France seems to me very curious. I did not witness the whole of it, as the burning of the incense occasioned Mrs. Scott to become so faint that she was obliged to be carried out, and Mr. Charles Manigault and myself, who sat next to her, accompanied her to the sacristy, where, with aid of two or three priests who had vinegar, wine, and water at hand, with fanning and making a sort of sofa of three chairs for her to recline upon, we kept life in her until she was able to be lifted into our carriage (luckily it was waiting), Dr. Cabell taking her by the arms and Mr. Manigault by the feet, and brought her home, the Doctor and myself attending her; so I missed seeing the principal part of the nuptial ceremony. I left them while the

¹ In 1789-90, when the Vicomte de Noailles, his brother-in-law, rose in the Assembly and voted to do away with all feudal rights, Lafayette rejected his aristocratic 'de' and never resumed it. His wife loyally followed his example.

priest was sticking up and down rows of what I thought small bits of paper upon two large wax candles about four feet long, which were burning with others before the altar, but I was told afterwards that they were guineas and it was intended to show the munificence of the bridegroom.

The bride was a sweet, delicate creature, dressed in white satin and lace, with a very long veil hanging gracefully from her head, which was crowned with a large sprig of orange blossoms. As soon as the marriage knot was tied all the family set off for La Grange, but the kind old gentleman [General La Fayette] would not leave town without informing himself of the state of Mrs. Scott's health, and the next day wrote a note to Dr. Cabell requesting further intelligence. The Doctor being out, the next day another messenger was dispatched with orders not to return without a written statement, and if the Doctor was gone into the country, as the porter had stated, the servant was directed to wait until he should return. Maria was by this time so much better as to be able to reply herself to the kind enquiries, which set the dear old gentleman's heart at ease.

I was at the Church of the Assumption upon another occasion very different from the one described. Passing near it one morning, I observed people busily engaged about the door and enquired what was doing there. I was informed



THE MARQUIS DE LA FAYETTE

As he appeared about the time the diary was written

that they were busy preparing for a mass that was to be said the next morning, it being the anniversary of the death of a man of distinction, Monsieur de Morville, whose family would attend in the fullest mourning to commemorate the sad event. I went the next morning at the appropriate hour and found the church hung with black cloth and chairs covered with the same, and in the middle aisle stood a hearse six or eight feet high, with a black velvet pall trimmed with silver fringe and ornaments thrown over it. I think there were eight priests around it, each with a large lighted taper in his hand, and all the mourners in a row with very melancholy faces. After the mass they walked out in procession. I thought it a most impressive ceremony and would not have missed seeing it on any account; though I could not persuade any of our party to accompany me. The Doctor went with me to the door.

Previous to Dr. Cabell setting out for Holland, he waited upon us to the 'Garden of Plants' or 'King's Garden,' which is among the first objects of admiration in Paris. In addition to a noble botanic garden there is a very large menagerie, a museum of natural history and anatomy, and several halls where lectures are delivered on every branch of natural history and philosophy. Here are exhibited specimens of every sort of vegetable and plant, fruit trees, shrubs, and vines, the method of training *espaliers*; also, every kind of

hedge, ditch, and ha-ha. There are greenhouses and hothouses, specimens of the bread tree and sugar cane. Everything is labelled and the labels changed when they cease to be legible. The expense of keeping up the establishment is enormous, twelve thousand pounds sterling a year! There are a hundred and sixty persons employed in it. There are numerous and beautiful shaded walks through the grounds. A path winds up an artificial ascent on the summit of which is a temple supported by eight pillars and surmounted by an armillary sphere. From this temple there is a fine view of Paris.

Halfway down the hill is the Cedar of Lebanon, planted by Jassien eighty years ago. It is a noble object, although its top was lopped off by the barbarians of the Revolution. This garden, however, escaped wondrously during that dreadful period. When the Allies were here, the Russians petitioned to be bivouacked in it, but were prevented by the spirited remonstrance of the traveller, Humboldt. Had they succeeded, everything would have been destroyed.

The menagerie is in grand style; lions, tigers, hyenas, panthers, bears, wolves, amuse or alarm the spectators. Great varieties of deer, antelopes, sheep, goats, and elephants, zebra and buffaloes are here, and when it can be done, the trees and shrubs of their native climes, or the vegetables in which they most delight, flourish within their en-

closures. Two camels are quite domesticated and earn their support by turning the wheel of a machine which supplies the gardens with water. There are two elephants, but the most extraordinary animal shown is the giraffe or camelpard, which is as gentle as a lamb and the admiration of all who see him. A young lady who sat near me at a party at Lady Cochrane's one evening told me that she visited it every fine day and that the care bestowed upon it was very great to preserve it through the winter. His black attendant (who came with him) sleeps in a loft over his stable to watch him through the night; his floor is of boards and a stove is kept in his stable at a certain degree of heat regulated by a thermometer; some small Shetland cows, without horns, are kept there that he might have animal warmth besides. He is dressed in woollen and taken out every fine day to walk, his food being the white part of cabbage or lettuce, but he prefers *rose leaves* to anything, and ladies sometimes offer them to him and he takes them from their hands in the gentlest manner.

It happened one day that a lady went to see him with a bunch of artificial roses in her hat, and he, thinking they were intended for his use, reached out his immensely long neck and, seizing them in his teeth, bore hat and all aloft in the air, to the great amusement of the spectators.

There is a great variety of birds in the aviary,

the Chinese pheasants being among the most beautiful, but the ostriches and pelicans struck me as the most extraordinary. The Museum, I suppose, contains the greatest collection of curiosities and wonders of nature to be found in the world; there seems to be no end to them. It is wholly out of my power to give any idea of its magnitude; to view it properly would require a month at least.

On the fifteenth of August we went to the celebrated Cathedral of Notre Dame, which is the Mother Church of France. A solemn mass is performed on that day and all the Royal family, with the King at their head, go in procession through the grand aisle in fulfilment of a vow made by Louis XVIII. The ceremonies are attended by both Chambers and a vast concourse of people. High mass was performed by the Archbishop with a great number of clergy attending on him. Their robes were most magnificent; the gold brocades with rich fringes of the same with so much paraphernalia seemed a perfect contrast to the simplicity of the early days of Christianity.

The canopy held over the King as he walked up the grand aisle to the altar was of crimson velvet with gold fringe, and at each corner a large bunch of waving plumes. He was followed by the Duchesse d'Angoulême and other members of his family, two and two. On each side of the carpet spread for them to walk on stood a row of guards

about three feet apart and close to them my chair was placed, so that I had a full view of His Majesty, Charles X, a very good-looking old gentleman of whom in his younger days I had heard so much; he was then Count d'Artois, and was considered one of the finest cavaliers about the court, though not a man of talents. He looks young for a man upwards of seventy years of age, walks erect, and has an amiable expression of countenance. He is said to be of a mild character. The Dauphine, Madame d'Angoulême, who is the daughter of Louis XVI,¹ is well-looking for a woman of her age. I suppose she is about fifty-six. If she had not a brown spot upon each cheek from wearing rouge so long, her face would be more agreeable. Her husband, the Duke, looks younger than she does. The Dauphin is the most ordinary in appearance of any of the Royal family.

The ceremony of giving bread to the people was performed, the Archbishop having blessed it. I could perceive a vast difference in that which was handed to the clergy and the common kind presented to the poor.

We were at Notre Dame, also, at the solemn mass before the opening of the Legislative ses-

¹ Marie Thérèse Charlotte de France, Madame Royale, the 'Orphan of the Temple,' born 1778 at Versailles, married her first cousin, Louis Antoine de Bourbon, Duc d'Angoulême, who became the last Dauphin of France. Napoleon said of her, 'She is the only man of her family.'

sion, which is attended by the King and the Royal family and members of both Chambers, all in grand costume. It was exceedingly crowded, and very difficult to obtain tickets of admission. Afterwards, we went to see the curious and costly articles preserved there. They show you a portion of our Saviour's Crown of Thorns, a piece of the True Cross, the regalia of Charlemagne, and many gold and silver articles. Here are the splendid robes made for the priests at the Coronation of Bonaparte. They are most magnificent and still worn on great occasions. Among the ornaments is the sun of gold presented by Louis XVIII in memory of the successful campaign in Spain in 1823.

As most of the persons to whom we had letters were in the country upon our first arrival, we had few visitors and of course more leisure to look about us. The different theatres attracted us and the Doctor attended us to a number, for they abound in this city. We went to the Royal French Académie de Musique, commonly called the French Opéra, where we saw the finest dancers in the world, and so many that they were not to be counted. The orchestra is thought to be superior to any in Europe, but they have very few fine singers; the most celebrated is Mademoiselle Cinthie, now Madame Cinthie Damoreau: ¹ The

¹ Laure-Cinthie Damoreau, 1801-63, famous French singer, created numerous rôles in opera, after which she had

scenery is splendid and the adroitness with which it is managed cannot be surpassed.

The 'Opéra Buffa,' as it is generally called, the Théâtre Italien, is not as large as the French Opéra, but I much prefer it. There are not half so many performers, but to me it is much more agreeable. Here we heard the rival performers, Madame Pezzaroni and Mademoiselle Sontag. The former has an uncommon voice and can descend to the lowest tone, but Sontag sings more sweetly.¹

The Théâtre Royal Français is the greatest of all the theatres in Paris. Here the pieces of the great Corneille and Racine are represented in the first style and according to the strictest rules of the drama. We were delighted with Mademoiselle Mars.² She never appears in tragedy. Madame

a brilliant career in the Opéra Comique. She retired, covered with honors, in 1843.

¹ Henriette Sontag, Comtesse Rossi, was born at Coblenz in 1805. She was one of the world's famous divas. Her four years in France, 1826 to 1830, were a series of triumphs. In 1829 the King of Prussia gave her letters of nobility and approved her marriage with Count Rossi, which had before that time been discountenanced. She retired from the stage and lived the life of the wife of a prominent diplomat. Owing to financial losses she returned to the stage in 1850 and had a triumphal tour in Boston, Philadelphia, New Orleans, and New York. She died in Mexico in 1854.

² Anne François Boutet, called Mademoiselle Mars, b. 1779, was a world-celebrated actress of the Comédie Française. The child of actors, she began at an early age and

du Chesney is the celebrated tragic actress who used to perform with Talma; she is now quite advanced in life and seldom appears, but still is much admired.

The Opéra Comique is also very interesting, a number of good performers exhibiting there, and they have a good choice in pieces. We were also pleased at the Théâtre de Madame, which is patronized by the Duchesse de Berri, and frequent select company. We went to the Vaudeville, the Théâtre de la Gaieté, the Théâtre des Variétés, the Théâtre des Nouveautés; and took the children to the 'Théâtre de Magique et des Petits Enfants' of Monsieur Compté, which is very curious and amusing, the actors being mostly children who do play in a surprising manner. We saw 'Henri IV en Famille,' all the characters impersonated by little boys, and quite as well done as we saw it afterwards at the Théâtre Feydeau. Since then, we went to see the German piece called 'Faust' at the Théâtre de la Porte Saint Martin, which is the old story of Dr. Faustus and the devil. It has had a great run. We were then at the sixteenth representation and it is still going on. It is the most wonderful and

became one of the Queens of the stage. Napoleon was especially pleased with her acting. Louis XVIII gave her a pension of thirty thousand livres. She possessed wonderful jewels and said of them, 'Ah, if our jewels were indiscreet!' She retired from the stage in 1841 and died in 1847.

fiery scenery which attracts, and also the person who performs the devil. His horrid countenance and Satanic laugh comport so well with the idea people have of that infernal personage.

The Cirque Olympique next claimed our attention. I have seen equestrian performances in America that I supposed could never be surpassed, but I was mistaken. These riders exceed anything I could have imagined. Paul, in particular, without saddle or bridle, did what I should have thought impossible, both in riding and leaping. A female performer was wonderful as a *female*, but I could not admire it, there was something so unfeminine and immodest in her dress. She was called in the bill 'Miss Lucy,' and is said to be the daughter of Franconi,¹ the proprietor of the circus, which is of prodigious size and handsomely arranged. It has the largest chandelier hanging from the roof that I ever beheld.

The Cirque Olympique is calculated for representing melodramas. The piece we saw after the

¹ Franconi was an Italian mountebank who with an Englishman named Astley established the Cirque Olympique in Paris, and afterwards Astley's Circus in London. His brothers and nephews later continued both. Much of his life he suffered from blindness, but always retained his interest in the direction of the theatre. Towards the close of his life he recovered his sight. One of the family managed the Hippodrome in New York which was situated where the Fifth Avenue Hotel stood later. It was opened during the World's Fair of 1853. (H. M. R.)

equestrians retired was called the 'Siege of Saragossa.' I wish I could give you an idea of it by description, but it is far beyond my powers. The military array, foot-soldiers and horsemen, no less than thirty horses being in requisition, prancing and rearing, besides those which were fixed to carriages and drawn up to aid in the charge, was tremendous. A battle was fought that seemed so dreadful that it harrowed the soul. I presume hundreds were engaged in it, and after all, the city was set on fire, and while wrapped in flames the curtain fell. I was told by a lady afterwards that it was considered a great effort of courage to see the 'Siege of Saragossa' performed.

One fine morning we went to see the Diorama. This novel exhibition is intended to show correct delineations of nature and art, and differs from a panorama in that, instead of a circular view of the objects represented, you have the whole picture at once in perspective. The interior of the building resembles a small theatre and such is the effect of the various modifications of light and shade that the optical deception is complete. Four different pieces are at present exhibited: The passage of the Alps by Mount Saint Gothard. Nothing can be more picturesque and romantic, it is the most perfect representation of nature that can be conceived. You behold in the distance a part of Saint Gothard, covered with

eternal snows, the blue summit of Val Briditto on the left and on the right a part of Monte Piottino. The length seems immeasurable, and now and then an eagle is seen wheeling round and round until it is lost in the clouds, which is done by some sort of machinery which we cannot discover. There is water *really* falling down the cataract, and you hear the noise of it and see the mist rising from it. I am convinced the reality can be no more stupendous than this representation.

The next piece is a view of the interior of a cathedral at Rome, the third is a part of the ruins of the Coliseum, which Mr. Mahan (one of the gentlemen who went with us) said was perfect. He had recently returned from Italy, where he had seen it, and he was struck with the truth of the execution. The fourth and last was a beautiful exhibition of the Place of Saint Mark in the city of Venice. They were all extremely fine, but nothing in my opinion could be compared to the scene in the Alps.

I went with Dr. Cabell to see the court or garden, and the shops surrounding it, of the Palais Royal; there every kind of jewelry and ornament is displayed at the windows and, as you walk through the arcades, you are astonished at the variety and beauty of the articles. In the midst of the garden is a large fountain, which is always playing its waters to the height of about twenty feet, giving in summer an agreeable fresh-

ness to the air. The description of this part of the Duke of Orleans' palace has been so often given that I shall only observe that it is a little world of itself, comprising every scene that can be imagined, everything to *inform* the mind, and to *corrupt* the heart! It may be said to contain the *Infernal Region* of Paris!

Among the most interesting things we have seen was that of the sitting of the Royal Institute or, as it is called here, the *Séance Publique Annuelle*, which was held on the fourth of October, in order to distribute the grand prizes for painting, sculpture, architecture, and composition of music. It was a most animating scene. The hall was crowded with the most fashionable company, although the difficulty of obtaining tickets was great. Mr. Mahan procured them for us through the interest of our former Consul, Mr. Warden, he being a member of the Institute, though not of this particular class.

We were conducted in and seated by a gentleman appointed to that office, who wore a distinguishing badge. The members of the Institute wore a uniform of dark blue cloth, embroidered with green silk. After the President (Monsieur Thévenin) had announced the young artist who was entitled to the prize in question, his birth-place and age were mentioned and he was called up to receive the laurel wreath. He bowed and then sprang into the arms of his patron, and,

after a warm embrace, did the same to his parents or whatever nearest friend was present, amidst the acclamations of the audience. The ceremony was repeated by each of the successful candidates in turn, as he was called to the chair. The enthusiasm was general and the effect delightful. They were then recommended to be sent to Italy to be perfected in their professions of painter, sculptor, etc., where they are allowed to remain five years at the expense of the Government. Such is the encouragement given to the fine arts here. How liberal! The whole was concluded by a specimen of the musical composition selected as the best by the judges, and performed by amateur musicians, the vocal part by a lady who had an uncommonly fine voice.

The place where this sitting is held is called the 'Palais des Beaux Arts de l'Institut.' It was built by Cardinal Mazarin and long known by the name of the 'College of the Four Nations,' as it was designed to receive sixty pupils of the four nations conquered by Louis XIV. It is now appropriated to the use of the Institute or Royal Academy. It is a noble building. The ancient church is converted into the hall for the sittings of the Academy. The seats for the members are placed in a semicircle; that for the President is covered with green velvet, ornamented with silver lilies; over it is a bust of the King, of marble.

On the ninth of October we received and ac-

cepted invitations to dine with Mr. and Mrs. Wells, who live here in a very agreeable manner, suitable to his circumstances as a wealthy banker. I had seen her some years ago as a very pretty girl of fourteen with her sister, Mrs. Higgins of Longbranch, who brought her over to France, and here she married Mr. Wells and, having no children to engage her attention, assists her husband in his business; to that end she receives no visitors in the morning except on Tuesdays. No doubt, she is the best clerk he could find, and the most devoted to his interests. It is said that she is also very capable. She is gay and agreeable, and still handsome, and dresses in the height of the fashion. We had, however, to send an apology, instead of going to dine with them; Mrs. Scott was attacked with a pain in her face which obliged her to keep her room, and I did not feel disposed to leave her.

As soon as she was able to venture out, we went to the Opéra Français, where we were highly entertained with a piece of much celebrity, the 'Muette de Portici,' and heard the noted singer from the Italian Opera, Madame Cinthie Damoreau. There was a vast number of fine dancers, but what was most extraordinary was the eruption of Mount Vesuvius, which was a sublime spectacle, and we were assured by a gentleman who had seen it that the representation was perfect. We were afterwards highly en-

tertained with the amusing piece of 'Aladdin and his Lamp,' the opera of 'Mars and Venus,' which, with the dancers, formed the most astonishing stage operations which can be conceived. I wish I had time to attempt a description of them.

OCTOBER 10. Dined at the American Minister's. Maria and myself went in company with Mr. and Mrs. Manigault. We met there a very agreeable party, nearly all Americans. Mr. Brown¹ does great credit to the United States in all respects, though at the expense of a great deal of his private fortune. The salary of \$9000 will not allow the Minister to live in any manner so as to set him on an equality with persons of other countries who are in the same capacity. He lives in a superb 'hôtel,' of which he inhabits only a certain proportion, the rest being occupied by the Duke of Castries, it being his property. It is called the Hôtel de Castries. One of the rooms is

¹ The Honorable James Brown, a Virginian by birth, after making a high position at the Bar in Kentucky, removed to Louisiana soon after the purchase by the United States, and entering politics there, became Senator from that State. He was appointed Minister to France by President Monroe in 1823: resigned in 1829, and died shortly after his return to America. (H. M. R.)

Mr. Brown's successor as American Minister to France was the Honorable William Cabell Rives, of Virginia, first cousin of Dr. Cabell, of the Diary. The authoress, Amélie Rives, Princess Troubetskoi, is a granddaughter of William C. Rives.

hung with tapestry of Gobelin manufacture, a present to the Duke from King Louis XVIII. It is all beautifully furnished and Mrs. Brown does the honours of her establishment like a lady bred at court. Her health is now very bad, which, together with Mr. Brown's strong desire to return to the enjoyment of private life, has occasioned him to resign his present situation, to the great regret of all the Americans in Paris, and they are pretty numerous at this time.

Among the most conspicuous are: Mrs. P. Cruger and her family, Mrs. Cutting and her daughters and three boys, Mr. T. Gibbs and his lady, Miss Laight, Mr. and Mrs. Beach Lawrence, Mr. Rufus Prim and his wife and her brother, Mr. Palmer; excepting the latter these are all from New York, also Miss H. Douglas and her brother, William, who are considered as immensely rich, and are making a great dash here. Among the most agreeable of our compatriots are Mr. and Mrs. Charles Manigault, of Charleston, South Carolina, with whom we have been on terms of friendship ever since we arrived in Paris.

Besides these, we have a large circle of American gentlemen here, who call on us frequently: Mr. Mahan, Mr. Trainor of the United States Army, Lieutenant Levy of the Navy; Mr. Fessenden, an *élève* of West Point and a very promising young man, from Virginia; Mr. Farley, also extremely polite and agreeable, from one of the

Eastern States, said to be engaged to Miss C. Wirt; Dr. J. Martin, from the South, most sprightly and pleasant. Nor must I omit Dr. Spencer, one of the best dull souls on earth; nor Dr. Niles, Mr. C. McEwen, Mr. Ralston, Mr. Markoe and Mr. Hopkinson from Philadelphia, who are two of the most charming people we have met.

IV

A VISIT TO LA GRANGE

AFTER several pressing invitations to visit La Grange, from its illustrious owner, General La Fayette, Mrs. Scott and myself, with her child and nurse, attended by our constant friend, Mr. Mahan, took seats in the coupé of the diligence which goes from Paris to Rosoy, a small town about a mile from the château, where we were expected to dinner and found the carriage of the Marquis awaiting our arrival at the door of the inn where we stopped. We immediately took our seats in it and arrived at our destination at four o'clock, about an hour before dinner.

General La Fayette had made kind and repeated offers to send his coach halfway to Paris to meet us, but we declined them, not wishing to give so much trouble and being much pleased with the mode of travelling in a coupé, where you are just as if you were in a chariot, with plenty of room for three persons. By engaging the whole of it you are perfectly at your ease and not even in sight of the passengers of the interior, where we always engaged a seat for one servant.

We found a number of visitors at La Grange, some making calls and others passing some weeks there; among the former being Count Philip de Ségur, author of the 'Russian Campaign,' and his

lady, a belle brunette. They were spending the summer in the neighborhood and had ridden over to see his father, the old Count de Ségur, who was making a long visit to his friend and relative, Madame La Fayette, hoping to relieve his melancholy for the loss of an excellent wife who had died a few months before.¹

We also found there the Count de Tracy,² an author well known in the literary circles here and also in America; but he is extremely infirm and has little enjoyment. His daughter, Madame de Laubespain, was also there, a charming woman, as well as Madame George La Fayette, who is also a daughter of Count Tracy, and mistress at La Grange.

Nearly all the family of the General were here assembled, children and grandchildren, viz: his

¹ Count Louis de Ségur, cousin and boyhood crony of Lafayette, was one of those whom he inspired to serve in the American Revolution. When Madame Lafayette was let out of prison, January 22, 1795, it was to the Ségurs — the Count and his wife — faithful friends of her husband, that she went.

After the Count de Ségur's return from America he filled high diplomatic posts at Saint Petersburg, Berlin, and elsewhere. At the beginning of the French Revolution he was imprisoned, but escaped and succeeded in getting out of the country. After the Restoration he did not return to political life, but, having been created a peer, devoted himself to literature. He left several works, memoirs of his time, etc. He died in 1830.

² The Count de Tracy was peer of France and member of the Academy.

only son, George, who is heir to his titles and estates, and his wife and children; his oldest daughter is married and lives at Auvergne; she is Madame Perrin, has two unmarried daughters, Mademoiselle Mathilde and Mademoiselle Clémentine, both fine girls, well educated and very agreeable. Madame Perrin has also several sons. It being vacation, they were all there, with two American lads, Master Skinner of Baltimore, and Lewis Farrish of Virginia.

Madame de Maubourg¹ and Madame de Lasteyrie, the daughters of the General, who were in prison with him and their mother (long since dead) at Olmütz, Carolina and Virginia by name, were also there with their families, and many others, so that we sat down to dinner from thirty to forty persons every day.

The morning after we got there we went out with our amiable host to see the arrangements of his farmyard, menagerie, dairy — everything on a grand scale, far beyond what I had ever seen

¹ Although Mrs. Mayo calls her 'Carolina,' Lafayette's eldest daughter was always known as Anastasie. In prison at Olmütz she made clever sketches of their jailer on her thumb-nail. She married in 1798 Charles, Count de Latour-Maubourg, son of her father's aide-de-camp, Latour-Maubourg, who was for five years in captivity with him. The younger daughter, Marie-Antoinette-Virginie, whose last name was given her in memory of the Virginia campaign, married the Marquis de Lasteyrie. Both marriages were very happy.

and more complete. The next day he escorted us in his *voiture de chasse* all over the grounds and to the little church at Rosoy to see the tomb of poor William Somerville whose last request was to be buried there. It is neat and handsome. We spent our time during our short stay at La Grange delightfully and were sorry to leave so soon, but Dr. and Mrs. Cabell, who had made their visit there previously, were awaiting our return to Paris to set out on their tour to Germany. We left the château with a promise to return before the winter and spend a longer time there, which the illness of Mrs. Scott's little girl prevented. I will now give a sketch of the place.

La Grange, Bleneau, is thirteen leagues from Paris; it was once, as its name indicates, a farm, and its proprietor long ago, it is not known at what period, built a château upon it which bore the name of La Grange en Brie. Through a long line of illustrious persons it came into the hands of the Duc d'Ayen de Noailles. Madame d'Ayen and her daughter, Madame de Noailles, perished on the scaffold during the Reign of Terror. The fortune remained a long time sequestered. At length the decree, which restored to the heirs of the victims such property as had not been sold, gave La Grange to Madame La Fayette as her portion of what was divided between the five daughters of Madame d'Ayen, of whom she was one.

This ancient château still possesses an impos-

ing aspect. Three *corps de bâtiments*, flanked by five large towers, border three sides of a large court that opens upon a beautiful view of the park which is very picturesque; clumps of poplars, willows, and different evergreens, planted by the General, and delightful walks, give it a gay and smiling appearance. What makes it more striking is the absence of fences and walls which would check the prospect. The entrance to the château is remarkable. Crossing a bridge built over the moat, you enter a gate that leads through a fortification with a strong tower on each side of it, the heavy appearance of which is taken off by a verdant covering of ivy, which was planted by the hands of the celebrated Charles Fox, when he, with General Fitzpatrick, visited his friend, General La Fayette, after the Peace of Amiens.¹

As soon as the Marquis de La Fayette became the proprietor of La Grange, he converted it into a farm *ornée*, as it is called. It now contains several hundred acres, four hundred in cultivation and the rest laid off in meadows, orchards,

¹ Fox's eloquent pleas, in the House of Commons, for the release of Lafayette from prison, echoed through Europe. Madame Lafayette wrote, 'If the King of Prussia lets them go, it will be due to the measures of Mr. Fox, and it is probably because of these that M. La Fayette is still alive.' In 1802, twenty-six years after they had last met, Fox visited Lafayette at La Grange, and it was then that he planted the ivy of which Mrs. Mayo speaks.



MAIN ENTRANCE TO LA GRANGE
Showing the Fox ivy

woods, and fish-ponds. He has a fine flock of a thousand merinos, and every species of stock from different countries, in the most flourishing condition. He has also many birds and animals, sent to him from distant climes, which seem naturalized and are well taken care of. All are conducted under his own eye and in the best possible manner. The interior of the spacious edifice is decorated with some fine paintings; among these, Americans are pleased to see portraits of Washington, Franklin, and other celebrated men of our country, and, what must be gratifying to the General himself, is a display of the colours of the ship that brought him to America, which were presented to him by the officers of the Brandywine upon his arrival. Since then, the midshipmen of that vessel made up from their pay three hundred dollars to purchase an elegant vase of silver and enamel with an appropriate inscription, which they had the satisfaction of presenting to him.

We also saw there a painting of the Bastille on the second day of its demolition, done by Roberts, and another, by the same master, of the Champ de Mars, during the imposing ceremony of the French Federation. In the same salon is the Declaration of Independence of the United States, with the facsimiles of the signatures to it, and the Farewell of Washington to the American People.

One of the towers contains the library, which is magnificent, and, among other books, some splendid volumes that have been sent him from America, which for beauty and impression, engraving and binding, rival the finest that can be found in Europe. There are also in the library various objects of curiosity and natural history from the western world, moccasins, etc. In the water-piece which borders a part of the castle (formerly a moat) there floats in summer an *American* boat. It is the same that gained a prize from an English one, chosen from on board a frigate in 1824, and set up for a trial of skill. The owners, of New York, refused a large sum which was offered for it and presented it to General La Fayette, who had a house built to preserve it in the winter season.

The regularity and order which reign at La Grange are admirable. Luxury is banished, idleness and prodigality give place to industry, peace, and plenty; but the most interesting object found there is the General himself, who, when surrounded by his children and grandchildren, seems to be the happiest of mortals and brings to mind the patriarchs of old. He is beloved in his neighbourhood and venerated by every liberal soul and every partisan of Liberty in France.

V

THE KING'S BIRTHDAY

OCTOBER 15. Mrs. Scott and I went with Mr. Mahan and Mr. Trainor, who had procured tickets of admission for us, to see the Chamber of Peers, in the Palace of the Luxembourg. It was open to visitors for a few days, having been put in order for the meeting of that body, which will take place in a few weeks. The staircase by which you ascend to it is truly magnificent, the antechamber and committee rooms are noble, and the decorations beautiful, but the Hall in which the Peers assemble excels them all in the ornaments and richness of the furniture. After satisfying our curiosity in this part of the noble structure, which was built by Marie de Medici, Queen of Henry IV, we descended to the chapel and apartment of that celebrated woman, one of the greatest curiosities of Paris, on account of the vast number of superb paintings, arabesques, etc. The best masters were procured from Italy to adorn it, and they must have been years engaged in doing so; to examine, as it merits, each particular piece, would require at least a day.

The Gallery of Paintings in this palace is much admired, though certainly inferior to that of the Louvre, it being altogether devoted to works of artists of the French School, which are not

thought by connoisseurs to equal those of Italy. The garden is extremely fine and on some accounts I should prefer it to that of the Tuileries, though I should, I am sure, be accused of want of taste by some people, in so doing. It is on an elevated situation and very extensive. There is a fountain resembling a grotto at the entrance; the principal walks are luxuriously ornamented with orange trees interspersed with vases and statues from the antique. A large sheet of water surrounded by a terrace is in front of the palace and beyond is a very long avenue leading to the Observatory; on the right hand is an ancient wood and on the left a new one set out. In this part is a fountain, constructed by Desbrosses, with columns, etc. The noble monastery of the Chartroux occupied the right side of the garden for six hundred years, with its dependencies, but it has now fallen into secular hands. On the vacant spot between the railing of the Luxembourg Garden and that of the Observatory, the unfortunate Marshal Ney was shot in 1815.

NOVEMBER 4. This is at present a great day in France, being the King's birthday. It is Saint Charles Day, and a prodigious affair is made of it. All the city of Paris is in motion; every sort of thing is brought forth to make mirth and glee prevail. The people collected in the Champs Elysées were at least one hundred thousand.

Stages erected and plays performed. Dances on the rope by good masters in glittering dresses, all sorts of amusing games going on, music and dancing, puppet shows, Merry Andrews, fortune tellers, all doing their part to make sport. Tumblers, posture-masters, dancing dogs, conjurors, and ballad singers, thankful for a few sous thrown to them. A fine time for the sellers of fruits, cakes, toys, etc., for which purpose many booths were erected. We walked among them for an hour or two and were much amused, and met some acquaintances, who were equally engaged in viewing the scene. Indeed, we saw everybody there, nobility and gentry and simplicity. At night the fireworks were most magnificent. We had an opportunity of seeing them from the Gardens of the Tuileries which were brilliantly lighted up. It was wonderful that so few accidents took place in such crowds.

NOVEMBER 8. We dined as invited at the hôtel of the Minister of the Marine. A beautiful palace it is, and Monsieur de Neuville had a splendid table. Even a modest dinner would appear elegant so set out in gold and silver plate and such rich china. Madame de Neuville is one of the most amiable women in the world, and, having resided many years in America, has a grateful remembrance of the kindnesses she received there.¹

¹ Baron Hyde de Neuville was a Frenchman of English

Monsieur de Neuville has not as pleasing manners as his lady, but his office engages him so much that he has hardly time to be attentive to strangers. I ought not to complain, for he paid me all honour, handing me in to and from dinner, and seating me on his right hand.

Mrs. Scott was placed at the right hand of Madame de Neuville, who was all politeness. We received most pressing invitations to come to her *soirées* which are held twice a week, where we may meet all the *élégants* of Paris, as, of course, the courtiers and *noblesse* must attend the parties of a Minister of State.

The Hôtel de la Marine is an immense building and most superbly furnished. Everything in it belongs to the King. Louis XVI sometimes resided in it and one of the rooms we passed through before we reached the grand salon was the chamber of poor Marie Antoinette, and was richly ornamented.

descent, b. 1776, d. 1857. He showed great devotion to Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette, and valiantly to his face tried to persuade Napoleon to recall the Bourbons. In 1816 he was sent as French Minister to the United States and remained for five years. In 1828 he became Minister of Marine and as such threw his influence to the cause of Greek Emancipation. After the Revolution of 1830 he, almost alone in the Chamber of Deputies, defended, though unsuccessfully, the cause of the unfortunate little Duke of Bordeaux, in whose favor Charles X and the Duc d'Angoulême had abdicated.



MARIA MAYO
(Mrs. Winfield Scott)

NOVEMBER 14. We received an invitation to dine at Baron Hottinguer's and accepted it, expecting that Madame H. would call on us previously to the day appointed. We had not yet seen her, as she had only arrived in Paris a short time before from her country-seat. As the visit was not made we sent an apology.

NOVEMBER 19. The excellent old Count de Ségur, to whom we were introduced while at La Grange, called to make us a visit; we were not at home but he left his card, 'Le Comte de Ségur, Paire de France,' upon it. It seems strange to us to see people's titles so displayed with their signatures, but it is the custom here and that governs everything. As the old gentleman has numerous lady visitors, in due time we returned his call, which it seems was a great attention, as he goes out so seldom, being extremely infirm and much engaged in dictating, too blind to write himself. We sent up our names and were received with great kindness.

He was in his library with his amanuensis. He showed us his treasures, a number of books not to be published during his life. They were in manuscript, bound and written on green paper, all done by his wife, as he composed. He lamented her loss exceedingly, saying, 'She was everything to me.'

He made Maria a present of a charming

volume as a keepsake, though with strict injunctions not to let it go out of her hands, as he had seen some of his works published at Brussels without his consent. He requested us to name a day when we could dine with him, which we did, and with the two Miss Garnetts and General Lameth¹ and Count Demain had a charming dinner party at his hôtel a few days after. In the memoirs of Count de Ségur, published some two or three years since, he makes mention of the former gentleman; they were in America together.

I do not know a more agreeable fireside than that of Monsieur de Ségur. It is the *rendezvous* for the *savants* of Paris, and, as he has a large number of elegant and fashionable granddaughters to make it gay, our *soirées* there are always pleasant. Among the latter I only recollect the name of the Marquise de Chastellux. They are all of the *noblesse*.

I met there one evening the Marquis de

¹ Alexander Lameth, b. 1760, went with his brothers, Charles and Theodore, to fight in the American Revolution. Alexander was aide-de-camp to Rochambeau. He was a soldier, orator, statesman, and writer. Napoleon bestowed many honors upon him for receiving which he incurred the disdain of Lafayette, who had been in prison with him in Namur, Coblenz, and Magdeburg. Before his death Alexander Lameth returned to the liberal ideas he had acquired in America and demonstrated such as Deputy from 1819 until his death in 1829.

Marbois, whom I had known in the United States, where he resided some eight or ten years. He was Minister or Chargé d'Affaires of Louis XVI, and much esteemed. He married a young lady of Philadelphia, Miss Betty Moore, who is still living, but, poor soul! worse than dead, confined in the Bicêtre totally deranged. Monsieur Marbois has lately written a work on Louisiana which is much admired. He enquired of me how I had left his old friend, Mrs. Montgomery, who was the only person he seemed to remember in America. He is now eighty-four years of age, is full of life and spirits, and walks erect, three or four miles at a time without fatigue. He is very thin and tall. We also met at Monsieur de Ségur's, Monsieur Pongerville, who had lately returned from Greece and gave a most terrific history of the conduct of the Turks and of his own narrow escape from their fury. The Count introduced me to Madame de Souza, who is a celebrated person, having written some things that are admired, among others a pretty novel entitled 'Adèle de Swanze.' She is a lady apparently forty or fifty years of age, of pleasing address and conversation.

DECEMBER 2. We were at a charming party at Mrs. Garnett's. She and her two daughters, Miss Harriet and Miss Fanny, live in this city in a delightful manner. They are much esteemed and

are in the best society. They had a number of Americans and some few French ladies that evening, and an Irish lady, Mrs. Putland, was there to whom we were introduced.

It was the first *tea* party we had been to in France, but since that we have seen several and tea is used much more by the French than formerly, and many tea shops are established in Paris. The servants are so awkward in serving it that it is generally placed on a table in the parlour and the lady pours it out and it is handed round by the gentlemen; I observed very few refuse to take it.

On the third of December we called for Miss Harriet Douglas, and, after making some visits, we went to see the *Georama*, which is a new way of representing the terrestrial globe upon a very large scale and conveys an excellent idea of the different parts of the earth, extremely useful to a learner.

On the seventh, we called at Count de Ségur's, saw there some agreeable ladies of his family and were sorry to leave them, but were engaged to a *soirée* at Madame de Neuville's, where we met a great many elegant people of both sexes. Mrs. Scott joined in a party of billiards and I played at *écarté* with some ladies and lost *ten sous* to the Countess de Morville, by which it may be seen that the ladies here do not play very high!

DECEMBER 8. I received a letter from Mrs. Cabell announcing her intention of returning from her journey to Holland and in about two hours she made her appearance, having travelled as fast as the post. She and the Doctor have made a rapid journey, travelling night and day, and yet appearing very little fatigued. They left Paris on the twenty-second of September and returned in a little more than two months and seventeen days, having gone down the Rhine, into Germany as far as Worms, and then through Holland and Belgium, a distance of nearly three thousand miles.

Mrs. Scott and I fulfilled an engagement we had made with Miss Douglas to visit Lady Cochrane, with whom we had exchanged cards several times, but until this evening had not met (except one morning accidentally). She is a lady with whose mother I was acquainted years ago in New York. Her first marriage was to Sir Jacob Wheat, who left her a very young widow, and a celebrated beauty; she afterwards married Captain Alexander Cochrane, of the British Navy, since Admiral, who commanded off Rhode Island during the late war of 1814. He is now called Sir Alexander Cochrane and is a man of fine manners, but unfortunately hard of hearing. He has lost two sons, Captains in the Navy, and has a third, Governor of Newfoundland, living at Saint John's. We were introduced to

one of her daughters, Lady Troubridge, the other being settled in Scotland, but I must say that there is no comparison between the mother and the younger lady. It is now about forty years since I saw Lady Wheat at Mrs. Shaw's, who lived at a country place in summer three miles from New York called 'Content.' She was then a widow and much admired and is now a charming-looking woman, the mother of five and grandmother of twelve children, as she told me. Mrs. Shaw, her mama, was sister to Mrs. McAdams, who lived to a great age, much respected by all who knew her. Captain Charles Cochrane, who came as a passenger with our friends, the Fishers, in the Charlemagne last month, brought the news of the death to his family and they are all in mourning. We took tea with them in American and English fashion, quite unknown to French *soirées*, and then went on to our second engagement at the Hôtel de Castries.

The Duke de Castries and his sister-in-law, Lady Barrymore, and Miss Jones, are the family, Armand, their only son now living, being at college. We found them very agreeable as usual and I saw there the Count and Countess Vaugnier, who, however, soon took leave. We stayed until half-past ten.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 10. Mild weather and sunshine. Mr. Mahan having procured

tickets of admission for himself and his *society* (by which he could take an indefinite number of friends with him), Miss Douglas accompanied us to the Gobelin manufactory of tapestry, of which we had heard much said, but nothing to compare with the reality. This grand building is situated at the southern end of Paris, upon the little river, Bièvre. It was founded by a man named Gobelin, in the reign of Francis I, who was a dyer from Rheims and only dyed worsteds, and the weaving of tapestries was commenced by the celebrated Colbert, in imitation of that of Flanders, which it now far surpasses. It is a Royal institution, and all the fine copies of the paintings of the best masters (equal to paintings themselves) and the superb carpets belong to the King and are never sold, but furnish the palaces and are sometimes presented by him to such as he wishes to honour. It seems to be a simple operation as the different artists perform their work, but the arrangement of the machinery, the preparation of the colours, and the extreme particularity required throughout must be very difficult. A single piece of tapestry sometimes requires the labour of two or three years, and a carpet of moderate size costs the Government forty thousand francs.

The workmen look healthy; our guide told us that they began at eight o'clock in the morning and were discharged at four in the afternoon. A dye house stands at the back of the manufac-

tory and there is a school established to instruct the workmen in the principles of their art. I understood that there is at Beauvais a similar institution which is said to rival this. Everything is in the neatest order and we were some hours in visiting the whole, being led through several apartments. It was astonishing to see what the art of man could effect.

In the evening we went to a grand *soirée* at the American Minister's (as previously engaged), where we met an elegant company, chiefly Americans; we found also the Duke de Castries and his family, who seemed very much pleased with Mrs. Brown's party. I played four games of whist, two of them with the Duke against Miss Jones and Count Basta, and two with the Count against the Duke and Miss Jones. The stake was not ruinous, being only five sous! We were sorry to leave them at half-past nine, but could not venture to disappoint Madame Pichon, who was waiting for us to call at her daughter's, Madame Puillet's, where she joined us to go to the grand *soirée* at the house of the King's painter, Baron Gérard. Here we were presented to Madame, who was expecting us, also to Monsieur, and saw all the world collected. At this house you meet the best society and all the celebrated artists. We were gratified with the sight of two famous painters, Horace Vernet and Charles Vernet. The Marquis of Lansdowne was also there, who

is a great character, but of plain appearance, easy and simple in his manners.

Above all, we saw and conversed with Made-moiselle Mars, the finest actress in the world! She is about fifty-five years of age, and as easy and graceful off the stage as she is upon it. She is plump and handsome for a woman of her age and perfect mistress of the toilette. It is wonderful what homage the French pay to genius of every kind. Talent and science are more thought of in France than in any other country. Made-moiselle Mars said she was very glad to meet us, as she was to appear on Saturday evening in a new piece called 'L'Espion,' taken from Cooper's novel, 'The Spy,' and was at some loss how she should dress as a young American lady of that day. As I was *au fait* at that (having been in that character at the very time), I was able to give her, from my own experiences, all the information she required, and we are now in expectation of seeing the interesting Frances Wharton represented at the Théâtre Français by that inimitable performer.

On the fourteenth of December we went to see the apartments of Madame de Sévigné, in the Hôtel Carnavalli, in that part of Paris which is called the Marais. It is now used as a seminary for the pupils of Monsieur de Prouy, an engineer. He is the Director-General of Bridges and Causeways, and is furnished by the Government with

these apartments, which are still magnificent. Previous to our going there a friend of ours had written to ask permission for us to see them, and the time being appointed, we were received by Madame and her husband. She is the sister-in-law of Monsieur de Prouy, and was very polite and showed us the bedchamber of Madame de Sévigné, and the closet where she wrote her charming letters to her daughter, and here we took up a volume of them and looked for one she had written, not exactly upon that day, the fourteenth of December, one hundred and fifty years ago, but upon the fifteenth, only one day's difference. We were highly interested in everything we saw that concerned her, but not quite so enthusiastic as some English ladies who, upon entering her room, kneeled down and kissed the floor upon which she had trod!

From the window we saw in the garden a yew tree set out by her own hand, and in the corner of it there remains an evidence of her taste in the representation of rocks and a fall of water rushing from them, which was very natural. Two swans were painted standing on each side of the fountain that received it.

The Hôtel Carnavalli has been one of the finest of its day and worthy of its mistress. We entered through a *porte-cochère* into a large court. The outside of the building is ornamented with two white marble statues; in front and round the

cornice the twelve signs of the zodiac are represented in bas-relief. It has been kept in repair and the decorations are in good preservation. I have been told that the grand hôtels in Paris are not suffered to fall into decay. If the proprietor is not able to keep them up, the Government does it, and they are rented out until the expense is repaid, and then the owner, who is generally a nobleman, receives his property back again.

DECEMBER 21. Having had tickets procured for attending grand mass at the Royal Chapel, in the Palace of the Tuileries, we dressed in the Court mourning, as was required, and went at the usual hour. The master of ceremonies, an officer in grand costume, handed us to the seats appointed and we *assisted*, as they term it, in performing the service, standing, sitting, and kneeling as we saw others do, the King, who is very pious, and the rest of the Royal family, with their attendants, setting the example.

VI

MADAME DE GENLIS

DECEMBER. About this time we were gratified by being permitted to call upon Madame de Genlis,¹ which is considered a great favour, as she is so overpowered with applications from strangers, to meet her, that she is obliged to decline nearly all of them, or her time would be entirely taken up, and she is still engaged in writing, which leaves her little leisure. Miss Laight, of New York, who has been living in Paris for two years past, had the good fortune to become acquainted with her and is a favourite. It was through her that we were introduced to that celebrated lady. We found her very agreeable, full of conversation, and a most astonishing woman. She told us that on the

¹ Stéphanie-Félicité du Crest de Saint-Aubin, Comtesse de Genlis, was born in 1746. In her sixth year she was Canoness of Alix, with the title of Comtesse de Lency. At sixteen she married the Count de Genlis, who was guillotined in the Terror. She became lady-in-waiting to the Duchess of Chartres and was chosen by her as governess of her daughters, and later by the Duke as *governor* of his sons, among whom was the Duke of Orléans, later Louis Philippe, King of the French. For her young charges Madame de Genlis originated a system of education which was strictly followed, and about which she wrote a book. She was the authoress of eighty volumes, of which the 'Souvenirs de Félicité' is the best known. It gives a fascinating picture of elegant society in her day. Napoleon gave her a pension of six thousand francs and made her Inspector of Schools.

twenty-fifth of January next she would be eighty-two years of age, and said that on that day she would play the harp for us,¹ for which she had been greatly admired, having introduced some new method in her manner of performing. She has fifty-two *métiers* or trades which she can exercise; she enumerated many of them, such as music, painting, embroidery, knitting, sewing, basket-making, etc. She enjoys the use of all of her faculties and an uncommon share of health, with the remains of beauty, which she owes to temperance. She never touches wine even when her physician recommends it. She rose from her chair with activity to show us her strength. She is always composing and employs an amanuensis to save her sight, and told me she had lately written a history of Alfred the Great, who is her favourite hero. The work is not yet published, which she seemed to regret. She had made it a

¹ 'We found the venerable authoress seated in an arm-chair, near the window. Her regular and delicate features and fair skin still indicate former beauty. Her nose is aquiline and her eyes clear blue. . . . She wore a black silk gown and a simple muslin cap. . . . She entered into conversation with a degree of vivacity that surprised us; we were still more so at her vanity. She talked a good deal about her own works and in their praise. We asked her if she continued to play on the harp.

'*Oh, oui, très-bien!*' she replied.

'And on the piano and guitar, Madame?'

'*Oh, oui, tout, tout, très-bien!*'

(Julia Mayo Cabell, in *An Odd Volume*.)

present to a gentleman, a physician, who had done some favour for her and would not receive any money in recompense. All our acquaintances here envy our good fortune in having had an introduction to this remarkable woman.

JANUARY 2, 1829. We had a visit from our agreeable old friend, the Count de Ségur, who, having heard that our little Cornelia was attacked with a rheumatic fever, came over to our hôtel to give the information of the proper treatment for it, which he had obtained from his excellent physician who had been attending, with great success, a number of children in the same disorder. He had heard of Mrs. Scott's great anxiety and had come to assure her that, with proper care, the case was not dangerous. How kind in him to take so much interest in strangers! We were distressed to learn that, in returning home, he was knocked down by a carriage driven so furiously that he could not get out of the way and, though he escaped being run over, he was stunned by the fall and did not recover the shock for several days.

He told us that he should procure us tickets of admission to the *Séance Royale*, to see the meeting of the Peers and Deputies and to hear the King's speech to them from the throne, which was to take place on the twenty-seventh of January. There being only a certain number of

tickets and a small [word illegible] he took much pains to get them, but, beginning early, succeeded, and we went in time to get seats and were highly gratified. It was as splendid a scene as ever I witnessed. None were admitted but persons of the first fashion. The Peers only could get tickets to present to their friends, and they but a certain number. The costume of the three hundred and fifty Peers was magnificent; it was the dress worn in the time of François premier. The rich mantle, the ermine, and the hat with large plumes of ostrich feathers made a most imposing appearance as they walked leisurely down to take their seats upon the right, while the Deputies, of whom there were five hundred, in the uniform of blue and silver, took theirs upon the left, their ladies in seats behind in rows, and, back of them, the ambassadors and ministers of foreign countries with their ladies. A narrow gallery which extended on each side of the hall and across it in front was appointed for gentlemen and was crowded. I observed a few ladies among them who could not find places below.

When all was ready, the King entered from the front of the hall facing the audience, attended by his ministers, and took his seat upon the throne, from whence he delivered his speech, which seemed to give general satisfaction. His voice was tremulous and the notes in his hand shook violently, but after a little while he recovered

himself and spoke with firmness and very distinctly. Among the persons of note near the King, General La Fayette pointed out to us Talleyrand,¹ the celebrated courtier and Bishop of Autun. He is very gay, and high in office.

This grand *séance* is held in the Palace of the Louvre, in a long hall which is never used for any other purpose than the meeting of the Peers and Deputies, who after that hold their sittings in the Chamber of Peers in the Palace of the Luxembourg, and in the Hall of Deputies in the Palace of the *Corps Législatif*. On the Sabbath previous to this grand meeting there is held a Grand Mass in the Cathedral of Notre Dame, where the King and all the Royal family, attended by the whole court, ministers, and nobility, assemble in grand costume, and, with much pomp, receive the sacrament and pray for a blessing upon the proceedings of the great Council of the Nation. This is very solemn, and none can attend to see it without tickets, which were provided for us by Mr. Trainor. It was a sad piece of work to get good places, but we did get them by separating. I had an excellent seat in front, between Miss H. Douglas and Mr. Glover, of New York, and saw the whole imposing ceremony to great advantage.

¹ Talleyrand was called 'The Mephistopheles of Abbés.' Gouverneur Morris said he was 'sly, cool, cunning, ambitious, and malicious.'

Since then we have attended the Chamber of Deputies; for places there our kind friend, General La Fayette, who is one of them, sent us billets, and we were glad of an opportunity of hearing them debate and seeing them all assembled.

This being the Carnival, Paris is very gay and there is no end to the balls and parties given in consequence of it. As a specimen, I shall just note down the occurrences in which we took a part for a short space.

I shall begin with a ball at Monsieur Hyde de Neuville's. Mrs. Scott attended it with Miss Douglas and her brother. I declined, staying with Julia, who had a cold, and little Cornelia, who was not well enough to be trusted to a careless French nurse. There were eight hundred persons present, from the highest circles in Paris, and it was very splendid.

The day after this we went to a ball given by an Irish lady (Mrs. Putland), who comes over to spend the winter here every year. She is immensely wealthy, and has fine apartments in the Hôtel de Londres. Here we saw many distinguished persons, English and Irish nobility and gentry. The entertainment was superb and the crowd very great. We all returned about three in the morning, having gone at the appointed hour of half-past nine.

The next night being General La Fayette's

first *soirée*, and being particularly engaged by his daughter to attend it, we went and met a crowd of Americans there, who delight to do him homage, as he delights to show them every attention imaginable. The rooms were filled with company, and we had tea and cake handed in the American fashion; after that other refreshments, bonbons, lemonade, *groseille*, *orgeat*, etc., winding up with the most delicious hot punch. Here we are expected every Tuesday evening and generally endeavour to drop in at some period of it and always find the party extremely agreeable.¹

The day after, we dined at the American Min-

¹ *Soirées* 'at the gallant old General Lafayette's in the Rue d'Anjou; where he has a suite of small and neat apartments, illuminated for the reception of his expected guests on every Tuesday evening. We made our *début* there about nine o'clock. . . . Among the throng there were many celebrated and interesting personages, for the worthy and enlightened of all nations seem ever ready to do homage to the virtuous patriarch of La Grange. At his *soirées* the greatest ease prevails — the refreshments are simple and plentiful; and in compliment to the Americans and English, tea is always served, a custom not practised among the French. . . . Then there was Benjamin Constant, a pale, thin man, with light blue eyes and snowy hair. . . . He was environed by a crowd of gentlemen, to whom he was speaking very earnestly with a great deal of gesture. Not far from him we observed other stars of the Chamber of Deputies, and these were Messieurs Casimir Perrier, Lafitte, and Ternaux, whose countenances bespeak their noble minds. . . . In the next room we saw Mr. Cooper, the American novelist, and his lady.'

(Julia Mayo Cabell, in *An Odd Volume*.)



THE HOUSE IN THE RUE D'ANJOU WHERE LAFAYETTE
LIVED

ister's. I mentioned before how elegantly Mrs. Brown entertains. The dinner was given particularly to General La Fayette, and his family, which being numerous, the younger part were invited, with many agreeable people, to come in the evening. But we were deprived of Mr. Brown's company by his being taken with chills and fevers and obliged to retire to his chamber, which was a great loss, for he is extremely agreeable in conversation. We did not stay later than twelve o'clock, as we were all to go the next night to a concert gotten up for the benefit of a young lady, Mademoiselle Hermione, who was dependent upon her talent for music for the support of herself and her mother. The Countess de Laubespain interested herself for her and they had some fine performers to assist her *gratis*, and the music was excellent. There was a large company, so it is presumable that the young musician made something handsome.

FEBRUARY 2. We drank tea sociably, by invitation, with Lady Inglis Cochrane, at the Hôtel Chatham; we passed a charming evening with a very small party, General and Mrs. Brookes, Lady Troubridge, Miss Pouthieu, an English lady, extremely rich and extremely ugly, a relation of Mrs. Wilkes, of New York, Captain Charles Cochrane, and the old Admiral, his grandfather, Miss H. Douglas, and her brother.

We came home early and had a good night's sleep.

The next day being Tuesday, we attended a grand *soirée* at Madame de Neuville's, where a vast number of persons were assembled. I never saw so many beautiful dresses, a Russian princess's in particular. We saw there the Prince and Princesse de Polignac, who had just arrived from England on some state business. But (though it may appear in me a little vain to say it) I did not see any one looking more stylish and dashing than Mrs. Scott and Mrs. Cabell in their rich green velvets and fashionable headdresses (N.B. They have the best coiffeur in Paris), nor more gazed at and admired.

The number that attended that evening was wonderful! Large as the *salon* was in which they were received, it could hardly have contained them if they had not been constantly going off, some staying only ten minutes, some a quarter to a half-hour, and few more than an hour. It is quite entertaining to see so many grand people walk up and make their compliments to Madame. As it is not the fashion to introduce, you would never know who was who unless you heard them announced, and that is difficult in such a buzz. Monsieur de Neuville generally meets the ladies at the door and hands them up to his wife and names them if they are strangers to her, and so with some of the gentlemen (if they are very dis-

tinguished), and she has something pleasing to say to each. I was struck with the appearance of General Saldanah, the Portuguese officer who was lately driven from Trieste. He is a fine, soldierly-looking fellow, with large moustachios, which, it seems, are worn by all the military men in this part of the world. It would be endless to enumerate the noted persons, ladies and gentlemen, that we see at these *soirées*.

We went from this to Rue d'Anjou, number 6,¹ where we were looked for by our kind old General La Fayette, who receives the same evening as the Baron de Neuville. We found some Boston acquaintances here, who had just come over from London, Mr. Hubbard and his daughter, and Miss Amory, a sweet-looking girl, but in bad health. I saw her at Saratoga, where her

¹ 'Lafayette preferred to live at La Grange and to pass the winters in Paris. He always came to Paris for the sessions of the Chamber no matter what season it was. He lived in a part of a large hôtel at number six (the number was changed later) Rue d'Anjou, Saint Honoré.

'His apartment was on the first floor and consisted of a number of large rooms adjoining each other and stretching across the entire front of the building. The anteroom, the parlor, the study, and the bedroom could be converted into a kind of gallery by opening large folding doors between them. This was frequently done on reception days.

'The order and cleanliness which ruled the Château La Grange was maintained in Lafayette's Paris residence.'

(Letter from Dr. Jules Cloquet. Courtesy State Street Trust Company, Boston.)

mother had carried her for the same malady. Her father, Mr. Jonathon Amory, has deceased since. I was entertained at his country-seat, about seven miles from Cambridge. Mrs. Amory is one of the most strikingly agreeable women I ever saw.

FEBRUARY 11. The theatre we had long neglected, but we were tempted to go to the Opera at this time to see the wonderful scenery which is so extraordinary in the piece taken from the 'Arabian Nights' called 'Aladdin,' and most extraordinary it was, but not to compare with the piece we have seen since of 'Mars and Venus,' which is the most beautiful thing that can be performed. The different Gods and Goddesses, sailing about in the clouds; the Cyclops, with one burning eye in their foreheads; a numerous band following Vulcan and, at his command, making a shield and spear for Minerva; their great hammers, their enormous anvils in the workshop; Cupid, flying about in the air, and the dancing of the nymphs, exceeded anything I had any idea of. This was at the Grand Opera.

At the Italian Opera, where we went a few nights ago to see 'The Maid and the Magpie,' we had the finest music in the world, and Madame Garcia Malibran exceeded herself in the performance. The house was in raptures; I never saw people so excited; they threw up their hats

and clapped and would not be satisfied until she came out, after the performance was over, to receive new plaudits, which were permitted, though against the rules of the theatre, that are very strict.

FEBRUARY 15. Mrs. Scott and I went to a ball at Marshal Grouchy's,¹ which was one of the most agreeable as well as elegant that we have been at. The company was brilliant, but no one among them could compare for beauty to Madame la Marquise, who is allowed to be one of the handsomest ladies in Paris. We had known the Marquis de Grouchy in America during his exile. He was there five years, and said that in that time the only instance of unkindness he met with was from Mr. Adams, the late President, who refused him permission to send a letter to his family in France under a safe conduct. He had no other chance of letting them hear from him at that time, as his letters were intercepted by the

¹ This is that famous Marquis de Grouchy, Marshal and Peer of France, who won the battle of Hohenlinden. We chiefly know him through his close connection with Bonaparte, under whom he fought gallantly at Eylau, Friedland, Wagram, and in the Russian campaign. In the retreat from Moscow, he commanded the 'Sacred Squadron' composed entirely of officers, who formed the bodyguard of Napoleon. Ordered to operate against Blücher in 1815, he obeyed too literally Napoleon's orders, and upon him rests much of the responsibility for the defeat at Waterloo.

police. He lives in a very handsome hôtel and is said to be rich. Madame goes to Court and is splendid with diamonds. People say she married for rank and fortune — she is but twenty and he sixty-five at least. He resides chiefly in the country, which is not at all agreeable to her.

VII

A BOW TO ROYALTY

FEBRUARY 16, MONDAY. According to previous arrangement, Mrs. Scott and I were presented to the Duchesse d'Orléans, to the Duke and his sister, Mademoiselle d'Orléans, his oldest son, the Duc de Chartres, and saw several of his daughters, who are amiable-looking children, from ten to thirteen years of age. I wrote a note to Madame la Comtesse d'Olimieux to say that my daughter, the wife of General Scott, of the United States Army, and myself, wished to be introduced to the Duchess, and received an answer in a day or two from the Comtesse (who is first *dame d'honneur* to the Duchess) appointing the next Monday evening for our coming to the palace. We went, accordingly, and, with a number of other ladies (among them were Mrs. Cutting and her daughters; Lady Inglis Cochrane, and Lady Troubridge, and some others of our acquaintance), we were presented.

The manner of doing so was easy and agreeable. The ladies and gentlemen who are invited are shown into a large and beautiful *salon*, made light as day by a thousand *bougies*, and take seats or stand around. At a certain hour the family enter. The Duchess was first. Madame d'Olimi-

eux, in a whisper, asks your name and introduces you to her. She is very pleasant and has something to say to every one. She asked me how I liked Paris, if the voyage from America was not fatiguing, etc. Maria was not introduced. After a few polite expressions, the Duchess passed on to other guests, and the Duke came up to us, whereupon the same ceremony of introduction was gone through by means of his *premier gentil-homme d'honneur*.¹

His Grace was particularly civil in his address, asking Maria a great deal about the increase of New York (where he understood she was from) and seemed desirous of showing how well he remembered the environs, number of inhabitants, etc., of that city when he was there. He never forgets the kindnesses he received while in America, which was for a number of years, when he supported himself, as many noblemen did, as a teacher. He is always attentive to Americans, his manners are polite and easy without pretension, which is also the case with those of the Duchess, also with the Duc de Chartres, the oldest son, who is as modest and unassuming as the son of any private gentleman. It would seem that in the mode of his education his father had

¹ The Duke of Orléans spoken of was afterwards Louis Philippe, King of the French. He came to the throne on the deposition of Charles X in 1830 and was driven from France by the Revolution of 1848.

wished to follow the example of the King of Navarre in bringing up Henry IV. Should anything happen to the little Duke of Bordeaux to prevent his succeeding to the throne, I dare say the Duc de Chartres, who is the next heir, will be a great favourite with the French people.

The sons of Monsieur d'Orléans are brought up at public schools and take their chance with other boys at examinations, receiving prizes, if they merit them, without favour or affection.

A few days after our introduction we received notes of invitation to a concert at the Palace d'Orléans which was very delightful. The best performers of the Italian Opera and the two rival vocalists, Madame Malibran and Mademoiselle Sontag, contributed to make the sweetest music. The Duchesse de Berri was there and many of the ladies of the Court. In all, there were about two hundred persons.

In the intervals of the performance, ices, cakes, etc., were served to the company which broke up at about half after ten. I was surprised that the Duchess recognized both Maria and myself, and, as we approached her where she was standing to receive her company, called us each by name, which, as she had seen us but once and then among so many, was wonderful. Foreign names are so hard to remember, too.

On the seventeenth we attended the *soirée* of our steady and excellent friend, General La

Fayette, which was very crowded. We saw there Mr. Pradt, the author, and Mr. Hobhouse, the friend of Lord Byron, one of the most ordinary-looking of men. At nine o'clock we left this agreeable party to go to a ball at the Hôtel de Breteuil, given by Mrs. Cochrane, a beautiful English lady to whom we had been introduced a short time before. It was an elegant entertainment, filled with English nobility and gentry and some few Parisians, but such an overpowering crowd and such overheated rooms made it intolerable, and I rejoiced when the time came to take leave.

The next evening, the eighteenth, we were invited to the American Minister's. He, having sent in his resignation and intending to give up the large hôtel of the Duke de Castries, wished to have a farewell party. Seven hundred were invited; about six hundred attended. It was a splendid assemblage, consisting of all the foreign ambassadors and ministers, with a great number of the nobility, French and English. We had another engagement which made us so late that we did not see half of them, which Mrs. Brown seemed to regret more than we did.

On the nineteenth we were asked to a ball at the Hôtel de Londres, given by the same lady who had entertained us before, Mrs. Putland. Having a fortune of twenty-four thousand guineas a year, she is able and willing to give frequent and splendid parties at which you meet

the best society, French, English, and Irish, and, what is not usual here, there is always an elegant and plentiful supper at the winding up. As I had a cold and was tired out, I did not join my young people at the grand ball on the twentieth at the Hôtel de Marine, to which sixteen hundred people were invited. I was sure that, in such a monstrous assembly, my room would be more acceptable than my company, and sent an apology to Madame de Neuville. I enjoyed myself in a quiet evening at Baron Hottinguer's, after a very handsome dinner at his very handsome hotel.

FEBRUARY 21. We went to the Grand Opera to see the wonderful scenery and dancing, and such astonishing dancers! One would imagine that they moved on air, but the music cannot be compared to that of the 'Italien' or 'Buffa.' In Italy itself, I am told, there is nothing equal to it. The twenty-second being Sunday we spent at home, the weather being rainy.

The twenty-third was celebrated in Paris by a number of American gentlemen, who wished to honour the birthday of our beloved Washington. As it happened on Sunday, they put off their celebration until the next day. Dr. Cabell was one of the committee of arrangement. General La Fayette was invited to the dinner and in the evening joined a very pleasant party given by

Miss Harriet Douglas at her fine apartments in the Rue Castiglione. We were there and met a number of genteel people and all the family of La Fayette to whom the entertainment was given.

TUESDAY, THE TWENTY-FOURTH OF FEBRUARY. We were fully occupied in paying morning visits from twelve o'clock until five which are the hours fixed here. Dining at six gives long leisure to go through the avocations of the day, but it costs us the hours of a sociable tea-drinking. In the evening we called at the Minister of Marine's, which is the compliment expected from all who are invited to a ball or dinner. As usual the company was numerous and brilliant.

As you are not obliged to stay upon such occasions more than fifteen or twenty minutes, we went from there to the Rue d'Anjou, where we are always sure of a charming company and generally meet some remarkable men from among the Deputies. On the Friday following we dined at Mr. Brown's. It was called a quiet dinner, or, as Mrs. Brown said, 'a dinner to take rest upon after so much dissipation,' but I really saw no great difference in that from others, and a large company, asked for the evening, did not give much idea of repose.

About that time the Countess de Molandais gave a *bal costume*, in plain English a fancy ball, where those who wish to compliment the lady

who gives it dress themselves in some novel character. Mrs. Scott had, at the request of Miss Ségoin (who thought it would be curious in Paris), put into her trunk the costume of the Indian Princess, Pocahontas, which she wore at the fancy ball in Philadelphia last winter, and astonished the natives by wearing it at this party. It was so extraordinary here and so admired that the other fancy dresses seemed to be thought nothing of in comparison. Her long plaits of hair, her cap of feathers, with the moccasins and armlets made by the Indians, and with a bow on her hand and a quiver full of arrows on her shoulder, or rather across her back, caused her to make a striking appearance. Previous to going to Madame Molandais, she went to call on our good old Count de Ségur and was announced as a '*Princesse sauvage*.' On entering, she presented her bow and arrow as if going to shoot and occasioned a very pleasant surprise. I never knew a little incident of the kind more gratifying than this appears to have been to the old gentleman. We never see him but he mentions it. He walked over to call on us a few days after and engaged us to dine with him, which we did, and, as always the case at his house, had a most agreeable party.

Among others, we met an uncommonly amusing person, a senator of the Republic of Ragusa, le Comte de Sorgot, who has been to call on us several times since. The Count de Ségur's grand-

son, the Marquis de Chastellux, was there also, and in the evening several *savants* came in, among them the Comte de Darrée, who has written a history of Venice, lately published, and who brought his two sons to present them, which shows that the Count de Ségur is considered one of the *lions* of Paris. He is indeed a fine old gentleman; at present, he is in deep affliction for the death of his little grandson, the only child of General Philip de Ségur, who wrote the 'Russian Campaign' and fought the duel with General Gourgaud. To add to his distress, he has lost his friend and companion in arms, General Alexander Lameth.¹

TUESDAY, MARCH 23, 1829. This is a great day in France, being the last of the Carnival and called here 'Mardi Gras,' with us 'Shrove Tuesday.' The streets were crowded with people, long processions of carriages filled with well-dressed people and masques, some on foot, some on horseback, and many in cabriolets and *voitures* in the most grotesque dresses, driving up and down the boulevards and public squares. The great curiosity, which is followed by thousands, is the *bœuf gras*, a fat ox of enormous size, and dressed for the occasion with ribbons on his horns and a large cloth worked in gold spread over him. He is led through the streets attended by a num-

¹ See note, p. 70.

ber of horsemen in Turkish dresses, and music playing. At two o'clock they conduct him to the Tuileries and, after exhibiting him to the King, who views him from a window, he is taken to the hotels of the different ministers of state and shown there, and then the ceremony finishes by leading him to the shambles, where he is slaughtered and sold in pieces to the butchers for the market. It seems to convey a moral lesson, this ornamenting and parading the poor beast through the throng, all pressing for a view of him, when in a few short hours he is destined for destruction.

I took a carriage and rode around to see the sights and the assembled multitude, which is worth viewing once in one's life. The next day is Ash Wednesday, when all the frolic of the Carnival is over and Lent is kept. Balls and parties cease among the French, but the English and Irish, who are here in large numbers, are not so strict, which was proved by a grand ball being got up on the twenty-fifth under the direction of several ladies of high standing among the nobility of England who are now in Paris, the Countess of Combermore at their head; at least it was from her that our tickets were received.

They were sold at four dollars each, to raise a sum of money for the charitable purpose of relieving the distress of those Portuguese who were driven from Turcra and were in a starving condition at Brest. Eighteen hundred tickets were

sold; twelve hundred persons attended the ball which was given at a place called Vauxhall, and was most splendid. The hall where they danced was of an oval form, and had seats around it raised one above another, covered with crimson moreen or velvet trimmed with gold lace. Back of these seats, raised above, was a space, about ten feet wide, extending all around the room, where the company promenaded at pleasure, and had a fine view of the dancers. It was hung with crimson drapery, and was brilliantly lighted; in addition to the lamps belonging there, the King (Charles X) had lent for the evening nine beautiful chandeliers from the Tuileries, which were suspended from the ceiling and, with the lights belonging to the place, there seemed a blaze of splendour. We saw there the noted Lord Cochrane, who had just got to Paris where his lady is living (but in *no society for cause*). The few Portuguese ladies who are here attended, though they were in a melancholy state of mind, as every day brings account of the destruction of their friends by the tyrant, Dom Miguel, who is related to them.¹

¹ At the time this was written, Dom Miguel, legitimate King of Portugal, was the object of fierce attack by the press of both France and England, and was not recognized by either Government, but subsequent events proved that he was by no means the monster then represented, and he was supported by the larger section of the Portuguese people. In 1834, however, he was driven from the throne by

His sister, the Princesse Louté, looked like death itself in spite of the splendour of her jewels which indeed is all her dependence for support, though her wicked brother, I hear, has lately allowed her something to subsist upon. She had the largest and most brilliant ornament of diamonds in her white crêpe turban that I ever saw. It was a sprig of roses, as large as the national rose, with leaves around it (the whole about the size of my hand) placed in front of her headdress. Neither she nor the Countess d'Alva danced, though they must have felt comforted in knowing that the splendid scene around them gave relief to their poor starving countrymen. Everything was done to increase the fund for their benefit. The rooms were had *gratis*, the most delightful music the same, and no money expended on refreshments, which were handed around continually, for those who took an ice or a glass of lemonade laid a ten sous piece upon the salver. I have not seen a more elegant collection of gentlemen and ladies. Among the most beautiful, the Marquise de Grouchy shone conspicuously.

MARCH 29. We attended the *soirée* of the Baroness Hottinguer, which is a compliment

the Liberalists and their foreign allies, Marshal Saldanha, mentioned on page 112, being one of the principal leaders in the intrigues which led to this result. (H. M. R.)

expected after you have been invited to dinner. Here we saw a great many fashionable ladies and were pleased with the manners of Mrs. Henry Baring, who is an entertaining woman, though one would imagine in rather an awkward predicament, as Mr. Baring's first wife is living and now in Paris, married to a Frenchman. She was Miss Martha Bingham¹ and ran off with old Count de Tilly, to whom her father gave ten thousand dollars to quit his claim to her. Whether they were married or not is not distinctly understood. She afterwards became the wife of Mr. Henry Baring, and is the mother of several children, but, having a fancy for elopement, she went off again and Mr. Baring procured a divorce and is now married to the lady we met. Mrs. Alexander Baring, the other Miss Bingham, is living in London and is quite a different character from her sister.

The same evening we went to pass an hour with Madame Pichon, Rue Bleu, number 5, and found an old acquaintance, Mr. Petri, who is a constant attendant upon *soirées* and very pleasant to take a hand at *écarté*, or anything that is going on. He is the intimate friend of Mr. Chevalié, of Richmond, where I first saw him, and afterwards in Philadelphia, where he was

¹ The Binghamms in question were the daughters of Mr. and Mrs. William Bingham, of Philadelphia, whose brilliant *salon* was the rallying centre of the Federalist Party.

taking his departure from America after a residence there of fifteen or eighteen years. There was also the Count Batouske, a Pole, who had been some years living in Paris, and being an acquaintance of Mr. Niemcewicz, I had a subject to talk to him upon, and found him quite amusing; he looks so respectable, too, with his locks as white as snow.¹

MARCH 30. We went to see the Hall of Justice, which is a fine palace of extremely large dimensions and formerly the residence of the Kings of France, supposed to have been built in the ninth century. In the grand hall the Ambassadors of foreign nations were received and their splendid entertainments were held. In 1618 it was destroyed by fire and the fine statues of the Kings, etc., disappeared forever. It was rebuilt by the

¹ Count Niemcewicz, a Polish refugee, came to America and married Mrs. Susan Kean, the widow of Mr. Peter Kean, whose residence was the historic Livingston mansion, 'Liberty Hall' (now called 'Ursino'), at Elizabethtown, New Jersey, which was later the residence of her son, Mr. John Kean. It was well known in the early history of New York and New Jersey and still bears marks of attacks made upon it during the Revolutionary War when the British forces often raided New Jersey from their camp on Staten Island.

One of the daughters of Mrs. Niemcewicz by her first husband was well and widely known as the wife of the Honorable Hamilton Fish, Governor and Senator of New York and Secretary of State of the United States. (H. M. R.)

architect of the Luxembourg Palace, Desbrosses, and is an immense mass of buildings with a very large court, into which you enter through the most splendid iron gates, loaded with ornamental gilding, etc. The grand hall is called the '*Halle des Pas Perdues*,' some say on account of the time lost in walking in it, by those awaiting the decisions of the Court, the law's delay being pretty well known and felt in all countries.

The prisons attached to this palace afford a melancholy spectacle, particularly that in which Marie Antoinette was cruelly treated and her sister-in-law, Madame Elizabeth's, adjoining it. They are now thrown into one and converted into an expiatory chapel, which has appropriate paintings hung around it and different objects of mourning which call to mind the hard fate of these unhappy ladies. There is a sort of gallery at one end where the prisoners are permitted to attend mass every Sunday. Here is the prison of the Conciergerie, where so many atrocities were committed in the year of the Revolution. We saw a number of prisoners sitting and walking in the barred courts waiting their fate, and they appeared decent and as comfortable as could be expected. In the upper stories were deposited the archives of the Kingdom, all very regularly placed for five or more centuries back; it is surprising that any of them should have been spared by the destroyers in the Reign of Terror. There we saw the hand-

writing of Henry IV, and several of the Louis', Francis I, and many other famous kings; also the copy of the condemnation of Joan of Arc, which was most absurd, the accusations showing such ignorance as well as cruelty and superstition; also that of Ravallac, who killed Henry IV, and the clothes he wore at the time, and many other curious things.

After being tired of these matters, we went into the Court to see the Judges seated in their scarlet robes; there seemed to be twenty, and their appearance is very imposing. The Attorney General spoke for an hour while we sat there, without notes, and admirably. His name is Vaufrillon; he is highly thought of, and is a cousin of Madame de Neuville, and we have met him at her *soirées*. He was dressed in a scarlet robe something like those of the Judges.

On the third of April we went to the Cathedral of Notre Dame to take another view, and see the very splendid robes worn by the kings at their coronation. They are those which Bonaparte had made for himself and those for the Pope who crowned him. They are as rich as velvet and gold and silver embroidery can be, and being carefully kept in large drawers and closely covered besides, are as brilliant as they ever were. We were shown all the articles used for the occasion, golden chalices, crosses set with diamonds of immense value, and gold plates, etc., too te-

dious to mention. We overtired ourselves with roaming around the church, where in one part we met a coffin and heard the service performing for the dead, and in another observed a party attending the christening of a child, while in the choir the priests were going on with the usual chanting of the daily matins, which was extremely solemn.

We departed and concluded the morning (which, as I told you, lasts until five o'clock in Paris) by going to make a visit to Madame de Genlis, whom we found going to dinner, and were about to retire, but she begged we should stay and not mind her occupation, but converse with her while she dined; so, not to seem too particular, we did, and it was curious to see how she swallowed her soup by spoonfuls heaped with bread; I wondered how she got so much down her delicate little throat at once.

After she had finished eating her temperate meal, she requested Maria to write for her to her friend, Madame Récamier (as her eyes are bad), which she directed. It was not very long and the old lady (she is now eighty-three) fell asleep at least six times while it was doing, and after each doze renewed the thread of communication until it was finished, and upon reading it over it was surprising how charmingly it was expressed and what an agreeable and *piquant morceau* she could compose under such circumstances. She

herself was much surprised that Mrs. Scott could write a French letter without a fault either of grammar or orthography, and I have since thought that it was with a view to discover how she could write in the French language that Madame preferred *her* to write for her, instead of the young woman who is her daily amanuensis and who was present at the time.¹

On Thursday we went to an evening party at the Miss Alexanders' in the Rue de Grenelle, which we found extremely agreeable and had some delightful music with dancing to the flute and piano. They are the daughters of Mr. Alexander, who resided many years in Virginia employed by the Farmers-General of France in the purchase of tobacco.

The next day we were engaged to dine at Count de Ségur's, where I declined going, though it is always one of the most pleasant things to do; but his room is not large and I thought *four* took up too much of his table and so feigned an excuse. The old gentleman came himself to invite us and I take much credit to myself for my self-denial. I went in the evening to Mrs. Garnett's, where my young folks joined me about ten o'clock and we all went home together.

¹ In their summers in Elizabeth, Maria and Julia Mayo had attended the 'little French school in a house near the creek, now destroyed, presided over by Madame Topray, a beautiful French refugee.'

APRIL 11. We accepted an invitation to a grand party at Mrs. Robertson's, who lives about four miles from us, where she has resided about eighteen years, in a very pretty hôtel, which was probably a country house when she first lived there, though the town now extends to it. Her furniture is handsome and the tables in her *salon* are covered with all sorts of knick-knacks of china, bronze, marble, shell-work, etc.; a beautiful boudoir elegantly fitted up with silk and artificial flowers joins it, and she has also some fine paintings and vases and other ornaments which make her house quite charming. Her circle of visitors is among the most fashionable, and when she entertains she does it very handsomely. As this was one of her dashing *soirées* she was rather disappointed that we could not stay to see the whole of it, we having another engagement that we did not like to forego, which was a party at Lady Inglis Cochrane's, which we knew would be (as we found it) extremely agreeable. There was music, dancing, etc., and a handsomely arranged collation, with a great many of the most genteel ladies and gentlemen among the English in Paris; so we had a fair opportunity of comparing French and English society; and the French had our preference.

APRIL 13. We attended the Théâtre de Variétés in order to see a little piece which is making

much diversion in Paris, called 'Cricri et ses Metrous,' viz: 'A Baker and His Boys,' or journeymen. It is a burlesque upon a tragedy lately come out, 'Henri trois et sa Cour,' wherein Mademoiselle Mars performs the heroine, the Duchesse de Guise. We were much gratified in seeing her in the character, it being the first she had ever undertaken in tragedy; she acted it delightfully, though the critics had predicted her complete failure. They thought it impossible for her to be perfect in both Comedy and Tragedy, but found themselves mistaken and her triumph is great. 'Cricri et ses Metrous' is a very laughable piece, and the actress who imitated Mademoiselle Mars was excellent.

APRIL 20. We went to a ball in the Rue Bourbon given by an Irish lady named Lawless, who, with her two daughters, has been living four or five years in this city. She is a sister of Mrs. Putland whom I have mentioned. This was gay and agreeable, with a vast profusion of refreshments, ices, sweetmeats, cakes, etc., besides coffee, tea, and so on.

Shortly after this we went again to the *soirée* of our kind friend, General La Fayette. Among the numerous persons there was General Saldanha, of Portugal. The Marquis brought him up and introduced him to me, why, I can't say, but he is certainly a very interesting character, and if he

had not such enormous whiskers would be handsome.¹ A more interesting person by far was there also — Madame Thayer, a daughter of General Bertrand, who was at Saint Helena with Bonaparte. She is a tall, delicate, and sweet-looking woman. Besides these remarkable persons there was Lady Morgan, who has come to spend a couple of months in Paris with her husband, Sir Charles, and has with her a niece, Miss Clarke, a pretty young girl, but there are no eyes for her when Lady Morgan is present. Julia and I were introduced to Lady Morgan and had a great deal of chat with her.² She is remarkably sociable and pleasant, and I never saw a more striking likeness than there is between her and Charlotte White, of New York, excepting her figure, which is small and misshapen. She dresses in the extreme of fashion and is very gay in her manners. Sir Charles is a fine-looking man and of genteel deportment. I have met them

¹ Oliveira Saldanha, Portuguese General, b. 1791, d. 1876, has already been alluded to on p. 103.

² Sydney, Lady Morgan, was an Irish lady who had distinguished herself as a poet and novelist at this time and also by her success in society. She was a brilliant conversationalist and, in spite of her want of personal attractions, was fêted in both England and on the Continent, where she spent a large part of her time, in the highest social circles. Her 'Travels in France and Germany,' in which she treats of the social conditions in those countries, created much discussion in their day. She died in 1859, having continued to write until within a year of that date. (H. M. R.)

several times and always found them the same.

MAY 2. This was rather a bustling day. I ordered the carriage at ten, which did not come until twelve, the coachman, like the rest of their trade, not punctual. It was intended for Mrs. Scott to go with Lady Morgan, Miss Douglas, and some other company to see the Museum of Ancient Artillery, armour, etc., but she had taken cold and could not go, so I went off to the milliner's to direct about a hat to travel in (being just about setting off for England), and from there to seek Mrs. Gernon whom I had lost sight of for six months, she having moved her lodgings I knew not where. Having found her and sat a half-hour with her, I went to the Hôtel Malesherbes (the *pension* of Maria and Virginia) to bring them to spend Saturday and Sunday with their mother at our hôtel, where Mrs. Cabell joined me and we went to the Place Vendôme to call on Mrs. Brown, and then to the Hôtel de Londres to call on Mrs. Putland. We then took up Mrs. Scott and went to a wholesale store in the Rue de Cléry to buy *cheap* silk stockings, in which we were disappointed, they being very *dear*. By this it was dinner time, and as soon as we had dined and dressed for a party at Mrs. Séguin's (being engaged there for some days), I made a visit to Mrs. Campbell Stewart at the Hôtel de France, and then called for Julia and

Mr. Pendleton Hossack and went to the Minister de la Marine's, still having time for the intended party.

MAY 3. Went to Gérard's painting rooms to see a grand piece he has just completed, viz: the Coronation of Charles X. It is on a large scale and (in imitation of that of Bonaparte's Empress Josephine by David) the attendants are real likenesses and very striking, particularly that of the Duke of Orléans. It is a most beautiful picture and is to be taken immediately to the Luxembourg Gallery. We also saw the admired painting of Daphne and Chloë, where she is represented as sleeping. Monsieur Gérard was offered six thousand dollars for it a short time since, which the King being informed of, paid the money and took it himself. Gérard is a great artist and has here the reputation of being the first. His house is open every Wednesday evening and all the amateurs and connoisseurs are to be found there and a vast number of fashionables and people of rank; nothing can be more pleasant than the *soirées* there. Madame is so agreeable and *instruite*, and his sister, Mademoiselle, is as fat and as pleasant as she can be.

They place a large round table in the *salle à manger*, which is one of the five rooms open, and on it are placed cake of different sorts, *bosches*, and macaroons. Tea is prepared and every one

who chooses goes up and takes it and whatever else they please as it suits themselves, and they offer it to their neighbours. You may go from nine o'clock till three in the morning as it suits you, coming from other places, the opera or play, etc.; on so easy a footing is society placed in Paris!

VIII

RETURN FROM ENGLAND

I LEFT London on Wednesday, the twenty-fourth of June, accompanied by General Scott, who waited on me to Dover, which we reached that evening. The next day we crossed the Channel in about four hours to Boulogne, and the following morning I took a seat in the coupé of the diligence with two English ladies and arrived in Paris on Saturday afternoon at five o'clock. This was the first time in my life I ever travelled all night. The roads being good and the carriage easy, I experienced less fatigue than I could have imagined.

At the Messagerie Royale I met Dr. Cabell as had been preconcerted, with the servant, Pierre, attending. After my luggage had undergone the usual examination of the officers of the customs, we took a coach which brought us to the Hôtel d'Amirauté, where I engaged a room and parlour on the same floor as the apartments of Dr. and Mrs. Cabell, with room for a servant, and felt quite rejoiced to get back to Paris, preferring it greatly to London. I, however, should not have hurried so much to come over had I received letters which were sent by Mrs. Robbins to let me know that the voyage to New York was deferred from the tenth of July to the first of August.



GENERAL WINFIELD SCOTT

On Sunday, the twenty-eighth of June, I enjoyed a day of rest. Madame de Lasteyrie, Miss Laight, and several gentlemen called, but I saw none except my two sweet little girls, Maria and Virginia Scott, who came from their *pension* to spend the day with us. In the evening their Aunt Cabell gave them a strawberry party, to which they invited their three friends, the Misses Fisher, who came accompanied by their father and mother.

On Tuesday we called on our old friend, the Count de Ségur, whom we found surrounded by celebrated persons, Deputies and others, among them General Dumain, Monsieur de Pongerville, and Monsieur Lameth, the brother of General Lameth, who was the officer who treated General Luwaroff, at the Court of Russia, in the spirited manner related in the memoirs of the Count de Ségur. From there, we went to the Hôtel de la Marine, to pay our compliments to Madame de Neuville. It was a great *soirée* that evening; she pointed out to me among the crowd of courtiers who were paying their court to the Minister, Monsieur de Chateaubriand, the well-known author of 'Atala,' also the Margrave of Baden, who is a well-looking man, which cannot be said of many of the nobility of France or England.

After making our *congée* here, we lost no time in hastening as usual to General La Fayette's, who

had called on me as soon as he heard of my return to Paris. Here we had the pleasure of meeting Mrs. Opie, who has written so many agreeable tales, etc. She dresses in the habit of the Quakers whose tenets she has recently adopted, and says *thee* and *thou* as if she had been used to it all her life. I was introduced to her and found her very pleasant and sprightly.¹

Lady Morgan and Sir Charles were there, and she as gay and conversible as usual. She is always dressed in the highest style of fashion, which becomes her much, as the enormous sleeves conceal in some measure her figure, which is quite awry.

We regretted to find that Madame George La Fayette and her daughter, Matilda, had gone to Auvergne for some time, which will deprive us of ever seeing her again, as we depart so soon for America. Madame Lasteyrie and her young ladies were there; also Madame de Laubespain, Madame de Tracy. Mr. and Mrs. Kirkland were among the crowd of visitors; he is President of Harvard College, Massachusetts, and has come abroad for his health, having had a paralytic attack. Mr. and Mrs. C. Manigault and Miss

¹ Mrs. Opie was well known at that time as a writer of novels and tales which enjoyed a large circulation in England and in America, but which have not survived their author, although mentioned with respect in the enumeration of the literature of that day. (H. M. R.)

Deborah Emlen, of Philadelphia, were there; also many others.

JULY 3. Went around to return visits. Mrs. Durham I had not yet seen, although she had called on us. Mrs. Coxe, of Philadelphia, also came when we were out. We found no one at home but the Marquise de Lasteyrie. We left cards at Mrs. Robertson's. She is never seen in the morning, of course, and only receives her friends when she invites them. We went this morning to the Chamber of Deputies, our kind friend, Madame de Neuville, having sent us tickets yesterday for the Minister's box, in a charming note. We found the members extremely noisy and inattentive to the orator who was engaged on the slave subject. I am told that they are generally so. The calls to order did not appear to have the least effect. I was struck with the different looks of the house from that of the Lords and Commons in England which I had lately seen — so very superior as to dresses and accommodations for members and visitors, so spacious and noble in arrangements, the others cramped and meanly furnished, quite unlike what might be expected in a British House of Parliament.

JULY 4. Saturday, and the anniversary of American independence. A large dinner was

given by our countrymen here, about a hundred of them. Mr. Brown being at Versailles, and Mrs. Brown ill, he did not attend. Mr. Kirkland was honoured by being appointed President of the day. General La Fayette, their distinguished guest, made a handsome speech upon the occasion.¹

SUNDAY, JULY 5. Miss Emlen called for us to go to Quaker Meeting, which Julia and I gladly assented to, thinking it was a public place of worship, but we were surprised when she took us to a private house in the Champs Elysées and introduced us to the master of it, who, it seems, on Sunday receives as many *Friends* as choose to attend a *silent* meeting. We found there about twenty or thirty well-known people, all very plain, excepting two English ladies and ourselves. Mrs. Opie was among the plainest and most devout. I was struck with the resemblance of one of the brethren to Mr. Guillet, who married Miss Ingersoll, of New Haven, and, in effect, it turned out to be his brother. We were tired of *thinking* after a while, and thankful to see one of the congregation rise from his seat and begin a discourse on the advantages of such meetings, which was not very much to the purpose. He

¹ It will be remembered that even in prison in Olmütz Lafayette celebrated the Fourth of July. July 4 and Bastille Day, July 14, constituted his 'holy days.'

spoke about twenty minutes and then sat down. In a quarter of an hour the person who sat next to him turned and gave him a hearty shake of the hand, which was the signal of breaking up and went round the assembly, each shaking hands with his neighbour.

The orator was from the neighbourhood of Boston; his name was Buffon, a plain, awkward man with no lack of modest assurance, who Dr. Spencer told me came over in the same packet with him, without any resources but his wits, and comes to speculate in inventions. I saw him two evenings after at the *soirée* of General La Fayette. At the meeting Miss Emlen introduced us to the Misses Stevenson, of London, and a beautiful young lady of the name of Taylor, who is in Paris to receive instruction as a governess under the auspices and care of Mrs. Opie, her father having failed in business. Bowling Haxall and Lewis Farrish dined with us and we went to Mrs. Fisher's to spend the evening.

MONDAY, JULY 6. Went to pass the *soirée* with Mrs. Kirkland at the Hôtel Lepeltica, as invited, and called at the Hôtel des Princes to see Mrs. Pringle, who had arrived the week before from Charleston with her son, Julius; they have come to Europe to stay three years. In the same ship came passengers, Dr. and Mrs. Ramsey. Poor gentleman, he is in a deep decline.

JULY 7. We attended the grand *soirée* of the Minister of the Marine, and introduced there President and Mrs. Kirkland, who had letters to him and had received cards, but did not well know how to present themselves, and really did appear rather embarrassed.

Madame de Neuville pointed out to me General Marion, who commanded the French Army in the Morea and had been created Marshal of France on his return. He was in his new costume, which was richly decked with gold lace, and is a soldierly-looking man with a red face and coarse features.

Then we went to see General La Fayette, and met our friends, Mr. and Mrs. Manigault, Mr. and Mrs. Olmsted, lately returned from Italy, Lady Morgan and Sir Charles, with Miss Clarke, and a host of others. The evening was pleasant as usual.

11TH. Dr. and Mrs. Cabell and I took a carriage at eight o'clock and drove to the foundling hospital or 'Hospice des Enfants Trouvées,' Rue d'Enfer. This has been called a very interesting sight. One hundred and fifty cradles placed in a line, each containing an infant; as soon as they can be provided with nurses, they are removed to different wards. Nearly six thousand are *born* or received into this hospital every year! Nothing more is necessary than to leave them at the

gate; not a question is asked, and the abandoned orphan is received and provided for. They are removed from this to another establishment when they are a year old, and are educated and put to trades or to service where they can creditably get their own living. This prevents the crime of infanticide, which is unknown here, and it is stated that there are no more illegitimate children here than in London, where it is so difficult for the wretched mother to gain admission to a similar institution for her helpless infant, she being required to appear personally and state her shame and desertion. She can seldom be induced to comply with the cruel regulation. It was a melancholy sight to behold twenty or thirty newborn babes (which were brought in the morning we were there) looking, in general, like little blind puppies, the women swaddling them in rows on benches (cushioned, indeed, but without covers) until others came to take them to their cribs or cradles, which were all very neat and curtained, but the mattresses looked as hard as pincushions.

SUNDAY, 12TH. I took a coach or berlin and, with Mrs. Cabell and my three little granddaughters, went to attend service in the beautiful chapel of Mr. Way in the Champs Elysées. That gentleman, having had a large fortune left him by a friend or patron, took part of it to purchase

the Hôtel Marbœuf, and converted one end of it into a place of worship, which is neatly carpeted, has a handsome altar and an organ, the seats covered with velvet, and altogether is convenient as well as elegant. We did not arrive at the hour, which had been changed, so we took a walk in the delightful garden attached to the hôtel, where we met Lord Waldgrave, who has a lease upon the hôtel and grounds while Mr. Way is absent in Italy. He was uncommonly polite, for an Englishman, and invited us to continue our promenade. On our return to town we called on Mrs. Gibbs, who, with her pretty little fairy children, is at present residing in that quarter.

MONDAY, 13TH. We had a little *soirée*, Mr. and Mrs. Kirkland, Mr. and Mrs. Coxe, the Fisher family, Baron [name illegible], Madame and Mademoiselle [name illegible]. Mrs. Séguin, her son and two daughters, drank tea with us.

TUESDAY, 14TH. We went to the 'Palais des Beaux Arts' or 'de l'Institut,' on the Quai Conti. It was here that we came in October to see the crowning of the young artists, and it was an agreeable thing to review the hall, etc. The Mazarin Library and that of the Academy we went into, and found many *savants* and students seated at long tables, poring over books and manuscripts, some of them curious-looking per-

sons that one would never expect to find engaged in that way. Mr. Harrison, of Lynchburg, who was with us, was amused when casting his eyes into a book in Latin, which a most grotesque-looking creature was deeply engaged in reading, to find it was the letters of Abélard and Héloïse.

From there we went to take a view of the ruins of the 'Palais des Thermes,' or palace of the warm baths, of the Romans, supposed to have been built by Julian the Apostate, about the year 357. The remains are reduced to a large hall, roofed by a lofty arch, and some cases or vaults and relics of the baths, only interesting to the enthusiastic antiquary. We did not stay long here, and found more pleasure in going through the Palace of the Legion of Honour, which, though small, is still quite imposing. It is furnished with elegant simplicity, and is the residence of Marshal MacDonald, who, I think, was one of the favourite generals of Bonaparte, and, of course, stands high in that Corps. It is in the Rue Bourbon, and fronts the Quai d'Orsai. After taking a cursory view of the Palais de Bourbon (the *Chambre des Députés*), we returned to dinner, and in the evening made a visit to our old favourite, the Count de Ségur, where we found, as usual, interesting people, among them the Marquis de Marbois,¹ whom we had met

¹ François, Marquis de Barbé-Marbois, b. 1745, d. 1837, was the Consul-General to the United States at the time of the appointment of the first French Minister to this

before, and Mademoiselle Mary de Ségur, and another lady of the Count's family, who were very inquisitive respecting the Indians of the West. From there we went to number 6, Rue d'Anjou, to the last *soirée* of General La Fayette. It was a kind of leave-taking, as the Marquis was to quit Paris in a few days to visit his distant constituents and friends.

On Wednesday we took a drive to Père La Chaise to bid adieu to that extraordinary resting-place of travellers through the vale of tears. While there we saw the interment of one of the common people which was managed without ceremony. On one side of the immense enclosure a large trench of about ten or twelve feet wide and six or eight feet in depth and, as I judged, thirty or forty feet long, was prepared, and I saw the appearance of ten coffins slightly covered already there, this laid close to them, and the dirt thrown over it by several spadesmen who got down into the trench. It was then left for others to be placed by it, till the row should be completed, when they would all be covered sufficiently deep, there to remain until the ground should be required for use again, when the bones are collected and probably carried to the catacombs. We met another funeral while there which was in quite different style. The hearse country. As Minister of the Treasury under Napoleon he negotiated the Louisiana Purchase.

covered with black cloth, with large bunches of ostrich feathers ornamenting the sides and the top, and also nodding on the heads of the four black horses, looked very melancholy. A number of mourning coaches attended, and the coffin was deposited in a place set apart for those who could pay for it, either for the last resting-place for their friends for a term of years, or for *perpétuité* as the monuments express it.

On the same day we went to see the manufacture of looking-glasses, which is a Royal establishment. The plates are cast at a distant place, and are brought to Paris to be polished and silvered. They are all for the King's use, either to ornament his palaces or to be sold for his profit. The process of polishing is extremely tedious; I don't know how they can be sold as low as they are. There are not half as many workmen engaged in the business as formerly, probably because the call for mirrors is not half as great. France is really stocked with them. The walls of every hôtel are covered with superb plates of prodigious dimensions, and they are certainly the gayest furniture a house can be decorated with.

We afterwards gratified our curiosity to inspect the celebrated *Abattoirs* of Paris, which are objects well worth the examination of strangers. They are the slaughter-houses where all the butchers' meat of the markets is prepared, and

more complete establishments for the purpose cannot be imagined. The killing and skinning of the animals, the dressing and arranging of the meats, is wonderfully conducted. Every eatable part is so nicely prepared and nothing lost, the blood being carried off in trenches and sand; in short, all are turned to account, and great quantities of water are used to keep the place clean. The buildings wherein these things are carried on are upon a large scale that admits of the best management. The inspectors are very strict, and I must say I have enjoyed the *eating* in Paris much more since I saw the *Abattoirs* than I did before. There are a number of these slaughter-houses around the city, and no animal can be killed and brought to market except through them. This, I am told, is one of the benefits introduced by the Emperor. I wonder the example is not followed by their neighbours, the English, who continue the old slovenly practice of butchering.

THURSDAY, 16TH. We went, by invitation given a few days previously, to a party at Mrs. Lawless's. She is the Irish lady who resides in the Rue Bourbon and gave a pretty ball at which we were last winter. We spent an agreeable evening and were regaled with music, a young lady, Miss Moch, playing divinely on the piano. Mr. Mercier, who is Master of Ceremonies at the

Palace of the Tuileries, sang, and another gentleman with him, in fine style. Mrs. Robertson, Miss Smith, and five or six other ladies were there.

17TH. Went to see the Halle au Blé, which is an astonishingly large circular building with piles on piles of bags of flour and meal and corn of various kinds, for the supply of the great metropolis. These heaps were laid off in squares, so that you went up and down and across through them as if you were threading long, narrow alleys. There appeared to be guards and watchmen at every turn. General La Fayette called on us in the evening.

19TH. Mr. and Mrs. Coxe, of Philadelphia, called for Julia and myself to go to the Maison de Monnaie or the Mint, which we were anxious to visit. It is an amazing affair, and very curious; we went through the different workshops and saw the process of money-making. We each of us *turned* out a few coins ready for stamping, and afterwards saw them stamped and milled. The hôtel itself is an immense edifice and, like all the rest of the establishments of the Government, adorned with rich columns, statues, and other ornaments. It has a number of halls, a chapel, and a museum, and here all the gold and silver manufactured in Paris is stamped, and the jewel-

lers dare not sell a ring as *gold* without the *mint stamp* upon it.

We then proceeded to the exposition of the porcelain of Sèvres in the Rue de Rivoli, which is neither more nor less than a large china shop, where the china is set out for sale — beautiful, indeed, but excessively high-priced, sold for the benefit of the Government. It may be called ‘The King’s China Store.’ We finished our busy morning by going to the *Neorama*, a representation of Saint Peter’s at Rome. How large the room which contains it is, I do not know. You go up a number of steps and stand upon a platform in the middle of it, and it seems as if you were within that immense Cathedral. The Pope and all the Cardinals, Bishops, and other churchmen attending it, the guards all around, with devout ladies and many people kneeling and standing, are as large as life. The representation is perfect, and you can hardly persuade yourself that it is not reality. They give you a bill or programme that explains each part and you are never tired of gazing upon it. I think it is only fifty sous for each person.

IX

FAREWELL TO LA FAYETTE

IN the evening General La Fayette called on us again to know if we had had any news of General Scott, as he was waiting to see him and Mr. Barbour, before he set out on his tour. He had requested me to write to Brussels and let them know it, several days before, and I had written, but could hear nothing. The General was very anxious, indeed, fearing he should not see them at all, as they would stay so short a time in Paris, and I had note after note on the subject. At last I had a letter from Mrs. Scott, which mentioned their expectation of remaining abroad until the twentieth of September, which leaves time for him to have them at La Grange on his return from Grenoble. That was satisfactory, but he regretted that he must give up his expected visit from Governor Barbour.

This evening, according to promise, I went to Madame de Neuville's to meet Mrs. Robertson. She was accompanied by Miss Smith and Miss Dick; the latter was one of the passengers who had so remarkable an escape from shipwreck when the Kent was burned, going to India. Miss Dick was with her sister, who was also saved, with an infant a few weeks old. The hardships

they endured were dreadful. There were two other young ladies there who attracted attention from their being the direct descendants of Madame de Sévigné. They were granddaughters of Madame de Grignon, and their name was de Vries; there was otherwise nothing extraordinary about them.

Madame de Vaufrillon was also there in grand costume, and her son, our military friend, who joined the young people in the '*jeu de couvents*' which they carried on in the *salon*. I never saw a merrier set. This was the last *soirée* that I attended at the Hôtel de Marine, as Madame de Neuville went shortly afterwards to her residence in the Faubourg du Roule to pass the remainder of the summer. (N.B. Since then, the change in the Ministry has taken place and Monsieur Hyde de Neuville is appointed one of the King's Consuls, and receives, as the other ministers do, a salary of twelve thousand francs per annum. He is extremely popular and his being displaced is extremely disagreeable to every one, as are also the other changes which the King has made.) ¹

On Sunday, the nineteenth, the Marquis de La Fayette called on us to take leave, as he was going to La Grange the next morning, but said he should take in Paris on his way to Auvergne, Grenoble, etc., so I should not wonder if this was

¹ This step, of which the diary speaks so guardedly, was the first which led to the downfall of Charles X.

not a last adieu. In the evening we took tea with Mrs. Fisher, and met Madame Godon, who told us she was in such a state of alarm on account of the health of her daughter, Cecilia, that she should not go to America this year as she had intended.

MONDAY, 20TH. It rained all day and we remained quietly indoors, reading, writing, etc.

TUESDAY. Madame de Laubespain, with Made-moiselle Clémentine La Fayette, called to take leave. The latter was going with her grandfather to join her parents and never expected to see us again, and, as he had said, the good old General came in the evening and bade us a last adieu. Most kind and amiable man, farewell forever!

We walked out in the morning to examine the monument in the Place Vendôme. Miss Brown wished to join us and we called for her. The ascent to the top was so steep and dark that neither Mrs. Cabell, Miss B., nor Mrs. Pringle would attempt it, but Mr. Harrison was enterprising enough to do it and had a fine view of the city from the top. As I had never intended to go up, I was not disappointed.

From there we went to the King's Library, where we had been before, but wished to visit it again, as there is more to be seen there than can be accomplished in many days. Such quantities

of books, and no wonder, for of every book that is published a copy must be sent there before it can be sold. It was commenced by King John, who collected ten volumes, six on science and four on religion! His son, Charles V, added more than nine hundred, which in that age was wonderful. It was kept in a tower of the Louvre and lighted up at night that students might pursue their studies at every hour. Since the art of printing it has continued to increase, till it has become the first library in Europe. In the upper galleries there are supposed to be three hundred and fifty thousand books. The new publications are on the ground floor and are open to the public.

There is a vast collection of curious and invaluable morsels of antiquity here. The celebrated Zodiac of Dendorah from Egypt; also a model of the Pyramids and the Sphinx, with a grove of palms accurately preserving their proportions, giving an excellent idea of the desert. There is an Ibis, brought from Thebes, the plumage of which is in a measure perfect, although three thousand years have passed since it was first enclosed in its case. The antique cameos and intaglios, consisting of rings and seals finished by Greek artists, are thought most interesting by antiquarians. There are five rooms containing the genealogies of every noble French family, which fill five thousand portfolios, but are not open to the public. There are five thou-

sand volumes of engravings. In the gallery of manuscripts there are eighty thousand volumes, thirty thousand of which relate to the history of France.

I saw under a glass case a statement of receipts and expenses in the time of Philippe le Bel, some letters of Henry IV to Gabrielle d'Estries, and some letters of Henry VIII, but I felt more interested in one from Madame de Sévigné, another from Madame de Maintenon, and one from Mademoiselle de la Vallière, than in the former, though the writing was difficult to decipher. In short, the curiosities contained in this prodigious building are innumerable. There are long tables in different apartments furnished with inkstands for the convenience of visitors, who may call for whatever books they please. The scarcest prints and rarest medals and most valuable manuscripts are unhesitatingly placed before them.

WEDNESDAY. Miss Robertson called on us and sat an hour, which is the usual length of a visit here. She made herself very agreeable and seems extremely anxious to persuade us to remain next winter in Paris, but we are now so anxious to return home that she would find that a difficult task. In the evening we took a walk on the Italian Boulevard, where the crowd is astonishing. We called at Tortoni's celebrated *café* and

found it filled with ladies and gentlemen taking ices. It was so warm that we dispatched a glass or two and hurried off.

On Thursday we joined Mr. and Mrs. Coxe and went to Vincennes, where we spent a few hours and had the carriage to go up to the top of the tower, from whence the prospect is very fine. We looked into the prisons designed for State prisoners; the accommodation is as good as can be expected for such purposes, but dismal enough at the best, and escape is as impossible as from the Bastille of old. There are none there at present.

We went into the chapel, which is handsome, and admired there the beautiful monument erected in memory of the Duc d'Enghien. On the spot where he was shot is an obelisk with the simple memento: 'Here he fell.'

From Vincennes we went to the hospital of the '*Quinze-vingts*,' as it is called. It was founded by Saint Louis for the reception of three hundred blind persons in 1220. At present there are four hundred and twenty inmates counting one hundred and twenty young people. They are provided with everything that can contribute to their comfort and instruction, and it is wonderful to see what may be done by the blind when they are any way ingenious. When we went into the establishment, which is immense, we were led across the court to the music room, where such as

are so disposed learn to play and sing. A number of the men had different instruments, violins, flutes, French horns, and so on, but the females were all singers. Their music was very sweet, indeed, and they all seemed to enjoy it greatly. There were about forty of them. From there we went to the different rooms where we saw them printing books for the use of those who could read or were learning, the letters being raised so that they could distinguish them by feeling. A woman came in, and a word which the printer had just completed to show us how he worked was put into her hand and she just passed her fingers over it and pronounced it at once.

Another made pasteboard boxes very neatly, and another was busy preparing the wheels and machinery for clocks.

The same morning we called to view the model for the enormous elephant, which is near the spot where the Bastille once stood.¹ It was intended to be made of bronze. The model is seventy-two feet high and was to have had a tower on its back, to contain water brought from the Seine, and to convey it through the trunk into a fountain. It is a wonder how they could form so monstrous a thing so well in plaster. The stupendous dimensions may be imagined when it is mentioned that the staircase to the tower is con-

¹ Every one will remember the use to which Victor Hugo puts this structure in *Les Misérables*. (H. M. R.)

tained in one of its legs. It was begun under the direction of Bonaparte, but it is thought will never be finished.

JULY 31. We dined at Mrs. Robertson's; there was a handsome dinner and a pretty company. The Countess Costillo, Baron (I forget his name), Miss Dick, Miss Smith, and the Swiss Colonel; in the evening a number of ladies and gentlemen arrived, among them Mrs. Lawless, and her two daughters, Mrs. Séguin and daughters, etc., etc., all much dressed and very gay. Previous to this dinner we went to the Cirque Olympique to see the 'King of Siam' performed. We had heard much of the docility of the elephant now performing at this theatre, but great as were our expectations, they did not come up to the reality.

On Thursday, August second, I took Maria and Virginia Scott with little Helen Fisher with me to the Jardin des Plantes, where we met Mr. and Mrs. Coxe, and their children. We amused ourselves walking through the shady walks and looking at the variety of things to be seen there. The menagerie seemed to be most entertaining to the little ones, especially the clumsy antics of the bears, which climbed the posts to obtain morsels of cake or bread thrown to them; but the children were most interested in looking at my old friend, the giraffe, which is so very singular an animal and so gentle too. They were soon tired, and as

our carriage had not waited for us, we walked on to Notre Dame to wait until Pierre, Mrs. Scott's servant, who was with us, could bring us another. It was a fête day (the martyrdom of Saint Stephen, I think), and we saw a procession of the clergy, with the Archbishop at their head, walk up the grand aisle of the church. The music was very fine and we rested there nearly an hour. In the evening I took the children to see Mrs. Brown and introduced them to her, with which attention she seemed much pleased.

The next day we were invited to tea at Mrs. Coxe's and found a number of Americans there, chiefly Philadelphians. Dr. Niles, of Boston, and Dr. Ogden, of New York, were the only exceptions till Mr. Warden (former Consul) and Mr. Williams entered. I was greatly surprised at the account given me by Mrs. Coxe of *Prince Saunders*, which has something so ludicrous in it that it is worth repeating. A coarse-looking negro of the name of *Prince* who had assumed the name of Saunders, being a free man and more intelligent than black people generally are, had kept a school in Boston and, for some purpose, took it into his head to go to England. As he announced himself as *Prince Saunders*, it was soon rumoured in London that an *African Prince* had arrived, and he was immediately called upon and invited to parties, where he danced with very respectable ladies (Mrs. Opie, for one) and was

made a great deal of, to his utter amazement, no doubt. He called one morning on a Boston gentleman — Mr. Perkins — who requested Mrs. Perkins to offer him a cup of coffee, which she did rather hesitatingly, but he declined her kindness, saying he was engaged to breakfast with the Duke of Sussex! So much for the *name* of *Prince*! To him it was equal to a title.¹

That same evening, when we returned home, we were informed of the death of our opposite neighbour, Mr. Ramsey, of Charleston, who had come for a sea voyage as a *dernier ressort* for consumption, but he was too far gone and died within a month after his arrival in Paris. Mrs. Pringle, who came out in the same ship with him, though unacquainted before, proved the kindest and most valuable of friends to both him and his wife, remaining with them and taking the greatest interest in everything concerning them. He and she were entirely unacquainted with the French language, and, he so ill and she

¹ This Prince Saunders was a somewhat remarkable man. He was born in Thetford, Vermont, and, after teaching school in Boston, went to Haiti. He was sent to Europe by the Haitian Government to procure books, furniture, and teachers for the public schools which it was intended to establish. He returned later to the United States and studied law and afterwards presided over and preached for some time in a church for colored people in Philadelphia. He subsequently returned to Haiti and prepared a code of laws for the Republic on the model of the Code Napoléon. (H .M. R.)

so young, I do not know what they would have done without Mrs. Pringle. He was buried in Père la Chaise and Dr. Cabell was one of the four persons at the funeral.

AUGUST 5. Went to the Hôtel Mirabeau, to spend the evening with Mrs. Brown. While we were taking a game of whist, the Ambassador of Denmark and his lady entered. They had just come in from the country and called to pay their respects to the American Minister (*ci-devant*), and sat about half an hour. Such evening calls are very usual in Paris, and are much more agreeable than morning visits and much less ceremonious.

APPENDIX

COLONEL JACOB DE HART, grandfather of Abigail Mayo, was in 1754 a member of the Colonial Assembly of New Jersey and in 1756 commanded the New Jersey forces on the frontier. He was for years a Warden of Saint John's Episcopal Church, Elizabethtown.

His son, John De Hart, father of the writer of the diary, was born in 1728. He was several times a member of the Colonial Assembly of New Jersey and was active in the Council of Safety. In 1774, '75, and '76 he was a member of the Continental Congress, resigning on June 13, 1776, 'on account of the situation of his family and affairs.' In June, 1776, he was one of the Committee who prepared the draft for the New Jersey State Constitution, and when it was adopted in 1776 he was offered the appointment of Chief Justice of the State, but declined the honor. He became Mayor of Elizabethtown in 1789 and remained so until his death in 1795. Like his father he had been for years a Warden of Saint John's Church, Elizabethtown, where his picture hangs in the Warden's Room. He and his father are buried in the churchyard. De Hart Place, Elizabeth, is named for him.

He married Sarah Dagworthy, sister of Brigadier-General John Dagworthy, 1728-84, who commanded a company (which he had raised) in Colonel Peter Schuyler's regiment in the expedition to Canada in 1746; was in command of Fort Cumberland in 1755, where he disputed precedence with Washington; and commanded a battalion of Maryland troops in 1756. A monument to his memory was erected in 1908 by the State of Delaware in Saint George's Churchyard, Sussex County.

The Mayo family of County Wilts, England, date back through the landed gentry of that locality from early days. In his 'History of the Mayo and Elton Families,' Canon

Charles Mayo, of England, shows their descent through the Earls of Pembroke. The Virginia Mayos he points out as deriving from the branch that sprang from William Mayo de Poulshot, whose will was dated January 26, 1559, and was proved the April following. William Mayo, alumnus of New College, Oxford, came to Virginia about 1743. He became a Colonel before 1743, but is always spoken of as Major William Mayo. In connection with Professor Alexander Irvin, of William and Mary College, he ran the dividing line between Virginia and North Carolina. Mayo River in that State is named for him. He is often mentioned in the Westover MSS. by William Byrd. At the time of his death he was the foremost civil engineer in Virginia.

His son, John Mayo, b. 1737, d. 1780, was a Burgess in 1769, '70, '71, '72, and '75. He was a member of the Virginia Conventions of 1775 and '76. Served on Cumberland County Committee of Safety in 1776. He died in 1780. He married Mary Tabb, of Gloucester.

Their second son, John, husband of the writer of the diary, was born in 1760 and was educated at William and Mary College. He served in the War of 1812, with the Virginia troops, rank of Colonel. He represented his county in the Legislature in 1785, '86, '93, and '96, and was a member of the Council of State in 1798. Colonel Mayo was greatly interested in civic improvement. After ineffectual efforts to persuade the Legislature to build a much-needed bridge over the James at Richmond, he proceeded to build it from his own plans and at his own expense. It was over a quarter of a mile in length. Mayo's Bridge, succeeded today by a modern bridge of the same name, has always been one of the landmarks of Richmond. Colonel Mayo died in 1818, ten years before the diary was written.

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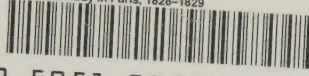


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